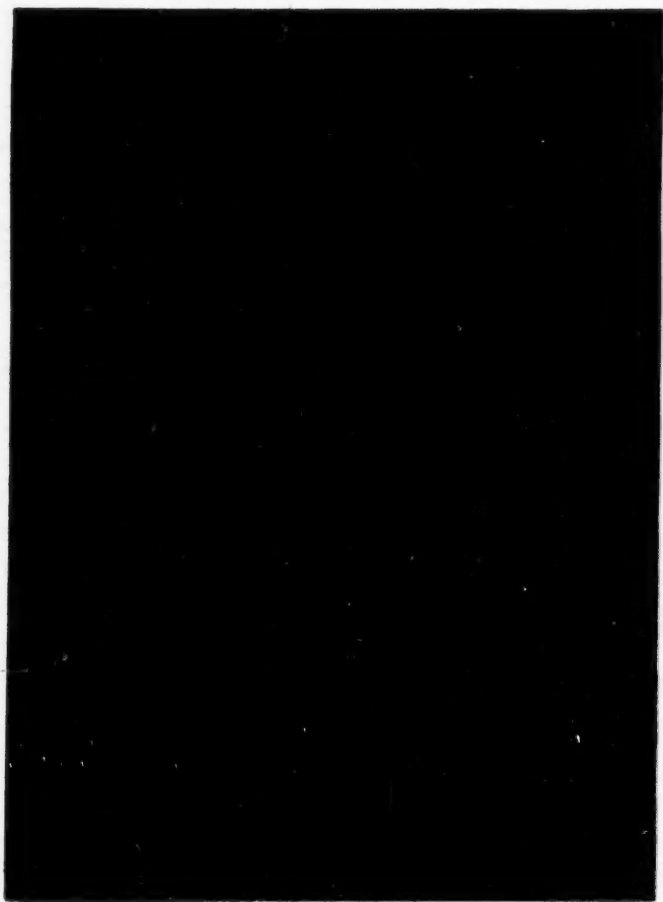
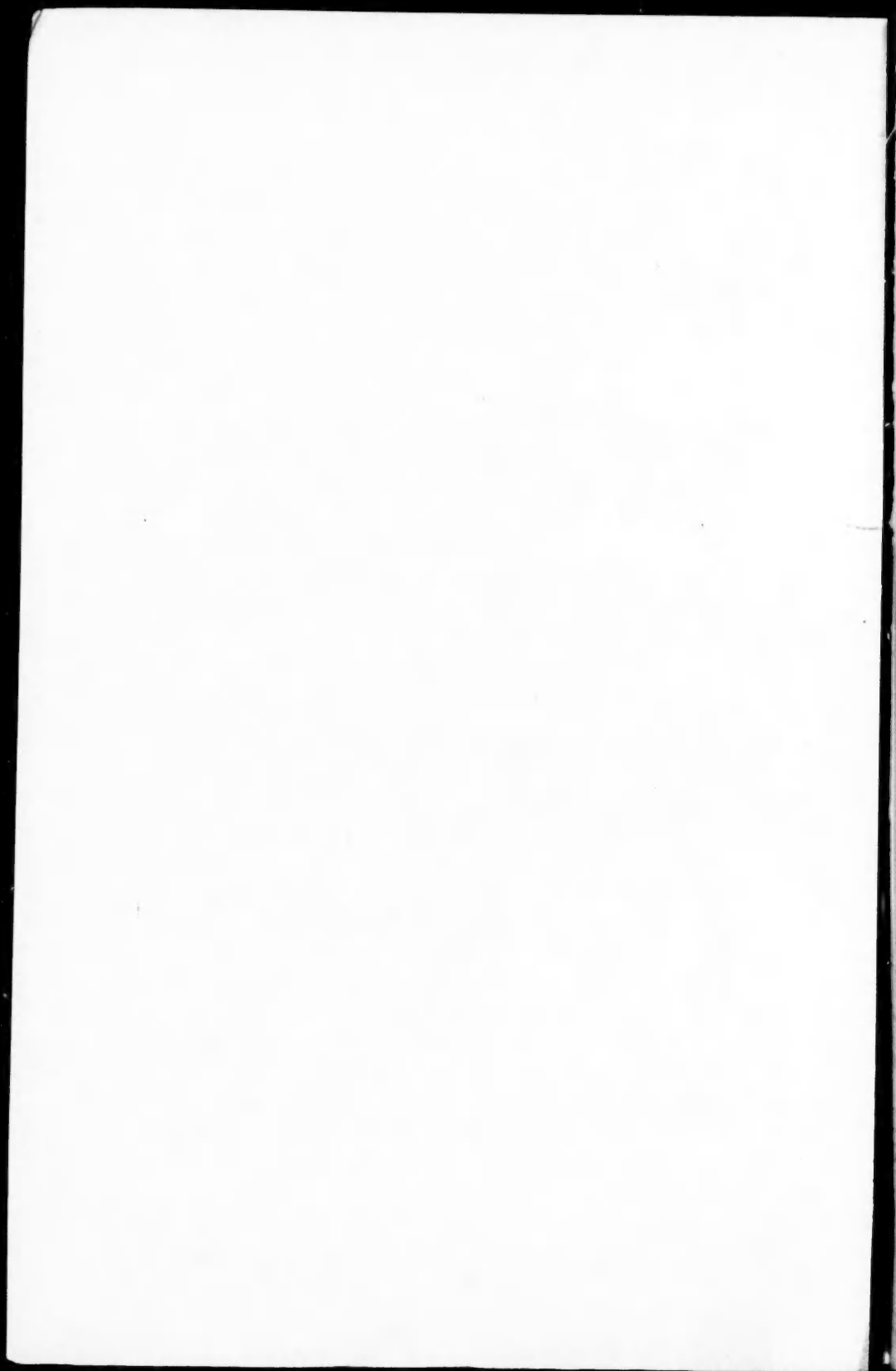


THE
DUBLIN REVIEW

117th YEAR FOURTH QUARTER, 1953



LONDON: BURNS OATES



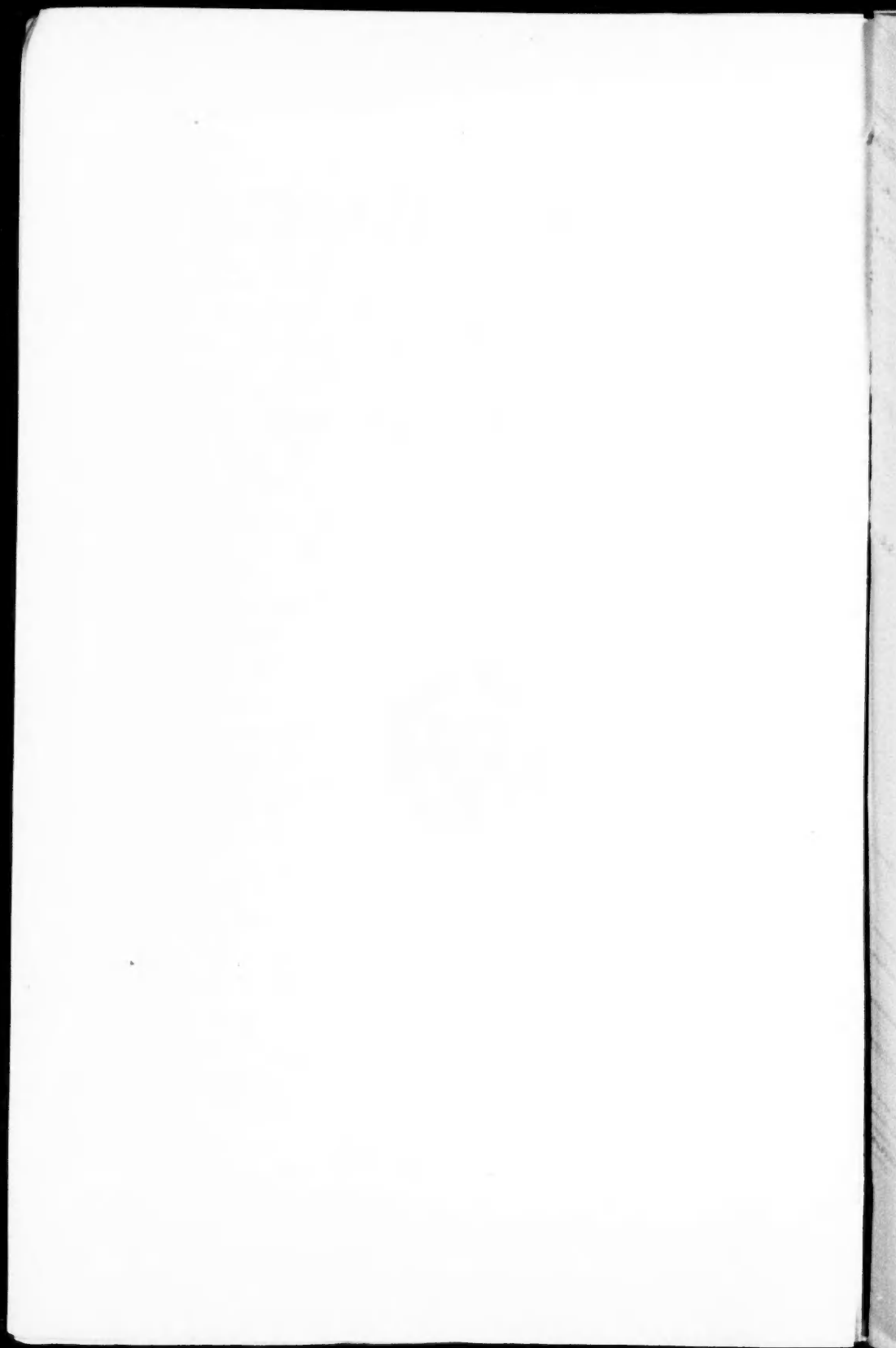
THE
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NUMBER 462

Fourth Quarter 1953



LONDON
BURNS OATES



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THE DUBLIN REVIEW is published in the Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Quarter of each year. The yearly subscription is 25s. or \$4 post free. Single issues 7s. 6d. or \$1.

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EDITORIAL

OUR UNDERSTANDING of Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalinism, generally called 'Communism' for convenience in Western Europe (though this term is dangerous to handle, because it carries quite other connotations in the U.S.S.R., and in the U.S.A.) is no doubt defective. But this much seems to be established, that, from the point of view of an educated person, in the sense employed, for example, in Newman's Dublin lectures, the doctrine is silly. Many factors combine to obscure this leading characteristic of the thing. The silliness of its philosophical and economic postulates only becomes apparent after some knowledge, which is not widespread, has been gained of the nature of Hegelian idealism, and the processes of social evolution in the nineteenth century. The silliness of *Daily Worker* politics is masked, even for the handful of readers who notice it, by the equal and opposite silliness of other cheap newspapers: the same is roughly true in France and Italy. (In Germany, indeed, where conditions are rather different, recent events suggest that the case is better appreciated.) The author of an article on international Communism in this issue indicates another garment in the Emperor's new suit—Big Brother encashes the offerings from the altar of the Unknown God. Even this is not all. The intellectual processes required, and exclusively developed, for research in the physical sciences seem to be less complex than those which it is the purpose of a liberal education to foster and exercise. 'Scientists' consequently tend to suffer from more and bigger blind spots in real life than other educated people. They are thus (and the case is notorious in England) easier victims of certain kinds of nonsense, outside the fields of their special competence—say, in morals, or politics. Prince Florizel, it will be remembered, who was 'pre-eminently a man of the world', had 'no great notion of the use of books'. Here the case is very nearly reversed. But once the technologists have been fooled, the half-educated are liable to accept the jargon—nay, the very improbabilities—of Communism with the same unquestioning respect as is accorded to Evolution, Relativity, and Nuclear Physics.

The *Austrian Chronicle* in this issue re-examines one aspect of the situations described six months ago in these pages by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. Politics, in the serious sense of the term, is always, among other things, a function of history. Before the First World War, the interaction of civil and ecclesiastical politics in Austria was extravagantly simple; and because in this case the dissolution of the monolithic Catholic Power was by conquest and not by consent, the inter-war years enforced no intimate re-orientation. Dr. Huebner looks at the contemporary scene, to find the Social Democrats and Catholics at cross-roads. Insular observers, accustomed to think that Left-ish politics and the Catholic religion are rather unrelated than incompatible, are entitled to note with complacency each fresh example of socialist leaders learning that irreligion is an 'optional subject': this seems so much more sensible and hopeful than most of the tentative advances that have been made from time to time on the other side—either by translating the terms of the Church's social commission into party jargon, or by veiling the background of her millennial claims.

* * *

Going to press for the last time in 1953, we feel entitled to a little pleasurable anticipation of forthcoming 'Reviews of the Year'. For the whole Empire and all our friends, the Coronation of Her Majesty has been an occasion of intense rejoicing: some have maintained, and plausibly, that the Queen made it more than that—a lasting accretion of strength for several good influences among her subjects. In the United Kingdom, we have recovered the Ashes of English cricket; and a subject of the Queen of New Zealand was one of two men to reach 'the Third Pole'. From a purely subjective impression of straws in the wind, a general conclusion could be drawn that the British people, though they still fail to deserve the epithet 'hard-working', have become a little more honest and God-fearing, a little more cheerful and polite, and perhaps even a little more sensible, than of recent years.

Et nos mutamur. Readers, we hope, have appreciated an increase in the number of pages of print for their money, and a slight mitigation of the severity of our front cover. A shift of emphasis in the articles towards a closer concernment with current

affairs and recent history may have been observed. It is intended to continue the publication of *inedita* illustrating the history of Catholicism in England at various periods: certain new features are likely to be introduced soon, which we hope will be of interest. In the meanwhile, we wish our readers a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

"A GENERATION ON TRIAL"

By SIR ARNOLD LUNN

I

JOURNALISM first impinged on my consciousness when my mother showed me a garish illustration in a French paper of the military degradation of Dreyfus. A fascinating book could be written about the two great ideological trials of my lifetime, the trials of Dreyfus and the trial of Hiss. Both trials divided not only particular countries but also the world into hostile camps, and yet only fanatic partisans could doubt the justice of the final verdicts, Catholics who continued to believe Dreyfus guilty after the second trial had demonstrated his innocence being the prototypes of Socialists who persisted in doubting Hiss' guilt after that guilt had been established beyond any possible doubt at his second trial.

A generation of American Liberals felt themselves to be on trial with Hiss, for American Liberals had not only welcomed the Russian Revolution, as did many Conservatives, but they had also persisted in regarding subsequent excesses as the regrettable and inevitable price to be paid for the transformation of society. The Liberalism of American Liberals is, of course, as remote from the Liberalism of Gladstone as the democracy of Stalin from the democracy of Abraham Lincoln, and the nearest parallel even to the Liberalism of Asquith must be sought for among the right-wing Democrats or left-wing Republicans.

American Liberals have been compelled partly by prudence and partly by what little is left of genuine Liberalism in their confused creeds to dissociate themselves from Communism, and their present position is one of reluctant anti-Communism and venomous anti anti-Communism. The shrill protests of Academic Liberals against every move taken by the American Government to counteract Communist infiltration into Government services

and the teaching professions are the voices of the liberal neurosis, for as Mr. Whittaker Chambers writes:

the neurosis springs from a deep political insecurity. In part, this is due to the necessity, as a tactic of practical politics, for reforming liberals to seem not to be something that they are—to seem to be liberals instead of un-Marxian socialists, the focus of whose hopes and plans is the welfare state on a national and international scale. In part, that insecurity is due to their fear of being mistaken for something they are not—Communists.

For, of course, there is a strong family resemblance between the Communist state and the welfare state . . . that family resemblance is nerve-wearing, since all the minds that note it are not equally discriminating, especially in a nation that has only just become conscious of Communism and still rejects Socialism. So, at every move against Communism, liberal nerves come unglued, and liberal voices go shrill, fearing that, by design or error, the move may be against themselves.¹

The shrill cries of the liberal neurosis echoed through the crowded room in which the Methodist Bishop Oxnham voiced his resentment at being summoned to explain to the Committee of un-American Activities his association with Communist Front Organizations extending back into the early thirties. The Committee accepted his assertion that he had never been a member of the Communist party, and the bishop, for his part, seemed to welcome the hypothesis that he had been a fool rather than a knave, a hypothesis implicit in Mr. Clardy's suggestion that his name might have been on 'a Communist sucker-list'. The bishop, we are told, 'was quick to accept this explanation'.²

The loathing with which anti anti-Communists, such as the Committee of un-American Activities or Whittaker Chambers, provoke in the breasts of those who, like Bishop Oxnham, profess to be anti-Communist is due, to many causes of which not the least important is injured vanity. American Liberals and British Socialists have a great deal in common with the prototypes of the Parlour Bolsheviks, the Parlour Jacobins of whom Burke wrote, 'Unfortunately the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves.' A man's vanity is ordinarily less wounded by the confession of a crime than by the admission that he has been on a sucker-list.

Even Catholics did not wholly escape the infection of the Red

¹ *Life*, 13 July 1953.

² *Chicago Daily Tribune*, 22 July 1953.

microbes. A distinguished Catholic who voted for Labour in 1945 maintained in a letter to me that the American attempt to obtain economic control of Europe was more dangerous than the Russian threat, and a Catholic who was a stout Conservative confided to me in 1945 that he hoped Catholics would not allow themselves to be manœuvred into an anti-Soviet hostility. Indeed no title could be apter than the title of the book in which Mr. Alistair Cooke described the Hiss trial—*A Generation on Trial*.

It is a social solecism to be right when it is right to be wrong. Accurate predictions about the policy of Soviet Russia paid no dividends in subsequent recognition, and no politician or publicist has lost caste because he advocated or condoned the policy of virtual surrender to Russian demands at Yalta and Potsdam. No formal disavowal or apology is expected from those who betrayed their generation.

The trial of Alger Hiss was unwelcome to those who had carried out an unostentatious withdrawal from the pro-Russian position to a less vulnerable line, for the trial provoked questions to which there is no wholly reassuring reply. If Mr. Alger Hiss, the distinguished and immaculate alumnus of Harvard and the chosen confidant of the President at Yalta, could have betrayed his country, what confidence could the public feel in the integrity of other public men whose pronouncements during the Red years had been indistinguishable from those of Hiss? I was visiting America during and after the trial and heard anxious questioning of the relations to Russia of many a distinguished politician, professor or publicist in America, and not only in America. The member of the Labour Cabinet whose apologetics for Marxism had been widely read before the war did not command unshaken confidence in America.

The venom with which Mr. Whittaker Chambers was regarded was due to many causes. The Hiss trial was embarrassing to many well-known Liberals in important positions who had some reason to fear that they might, like Bishop Oxnam at a later stage, be called upon to explain their attitude to Russia. Again it would have been easier to forgive Mr. Chambers if he had merely exchanged one secular doctrine for another, but his religious conversion irritated the sort of people for whom the word 'God' is bound up with all manner of antiquated sexual taboos. And finally all those whose political opinions were dictated by fashion and by political opportunism found it difficult to forgive a man

who has sacrificed a thirty-thousand-a-year dollar salary as the inevitable price to be paid for telling the truth about Hiss. Men whose own careers had been determined by an opportunist progression from left centre to left or to extreme left, followed by a tactical retreat in due course from extreme left to left centre, dislike being reminded that there are still some men whose changes of creed correspond not to tactical advances and withdrawals in a carefully planned career but to profound changes of conviction for which they are prepared to pay the necessary price in money and position.

The strength of the anti-Chambers venom was revealed to me in the course of a debate in the autumn of 1952 with the head of the Philosophy Faculty in Columbia University. Our motion was: 'The values of humanism cannot be preserved without religion.' I cited Soviet Russia as a country which had formally apostatized and which had accepted atheism as the basic premise of the New Utopia. One by one the values of humanism in which my friendly opponent believed had been sacrificed, the liberty of the individual, freedom of speech and thought and the integrity of scientific research. My opponent waved Russia aside as a 'Red Herring'. 'That is precisely,' I remarked, 'what President Truman said about the Alger Hiss case.'

My opponent, till then genial and good-humoured, lost his temper. His voice rose to a shrill pitch of falsetto indignation as he launched into excited vituperation of Whittaker Chambers.

II

The sadness with which I leave Europe is always tempered by the anticipation of renewing the enduring friendships with which America has enriched my life, and amongst those friends is a gallant lady who raised an ambulance in the First World War and who was decorated for her courage on the French front, and who showed courage of another, and perhaps rarer, kind by defying the Red fashion during the years when many Conservatives on both sides of the Atlantic were determined to think the best of 'Uncle Joe'.

Mrs. Morawetz, by birth a member of a well-known New England family, and the widow of an Austrian, had created in New York an International Salon, for she had friends in almost

every country in Europe, particularly in those countries which had been overrun by Communism. On one occasion when I was lunching with her ten nations were represented among the twelve who were present, among them a Finn, and also two victims of the Russian occupation of the Baltic States. All fanatics, as Spengler somewhere says, are humourless, and Mrs. Morawetz' astringent wit would alone have sufficed, if nothing else had, to inoculate her against the Red microbes which were so virulent in New York during the later years of the war.

It was in her hospitable home that I learned in 1950 towards the end of a world tour that Lord Jowitt was at work on a book¹ which, it was alleged, had its origin in his good-natured desire to oblige an American politician. His American friend, reluctant to accept a verdict which was damaging not only to Hiss but also to two Democratic Administrations, had asked Lord Jowitt to review the evidence. If this be the origin of the book it is easy to understand the schizophrenic impression produced by the conflict between Lord Jowitt's legal conscience and his desire to put the best possible construction on the actions of Alger Hiss. It is not even necessary to assume that Lord Jowitt was particularly anxious to oblige his American friend,² for nobody could doubt the sincerity of his detestation of Chambers. And yet, somehow, you feel as if the learned judge had not got his heart in the case. It would be easy to prove by selective quotation either that the learned judge was convinced of Hiss' innocence or that he was convinced of Hiss' guilt.

One thing is certain. Any judge whose observations during a trial contained as many factual errors as this book, or who was guilty of such gross partisanship, would have received short shrift had his judgement been appealed to the House of Lords when Lord Jowitt was Lord Chancellor.

The prestige of British Justice, which was high, will no doubt not be irretrievably damaged by the fact that the review of an American trial by a former Lord Chancellor had to be recalled by the publishers in order to correct factual errors which 'some critics listed as more than a hundred in number'. In the devastating review from which I have just quoted, *The Times Herald* of Washington D.C. (19 July 1953) continues:

¹ *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*, by The Earl Jowitt. (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.)

² Lord Jowitt writes, 'I have not been requested still less commissioned to write this book,' but the book may none the less have originated in a suggestion from an American friend.

Jowitt writes a half-hearted apology in correcting the most glaring error, one which plainly insinuated that Whittaker Chambers had forged the documents which convicted Hiss. The author accomplished this inference by stating that Chambers in his own book *Witness* had revealed a suicide attempt before producing the documents. The fact, as now acknowledged by Jowitt, is that this suicide attempt came later while Chambers was testifying before a Grand Jury.

Significant is the contrast between the relentless energy with which Lord Jowitt follows up the slightest clue tending to discredit Mr. Chambers with his attitude towards those statements of Mr. Chambers which he is reluctant to accept.

Chambers says in *Witness* that during the Hiss case Field left Switzerland and disappeared into Soviet-controlled Europe, and that Duggan had 'a fatal fall from his New York office window' also during the case. He may well be right, for aught I know, in both these statements (p. 93).

This 'affected insouciance' is no compliment to the reader, for, as *The Times Literary Supplement* points out, the disappearance of Field could easily have been verified from the files of *The Times*, and furthermore it is clear that he had made no attempt to check his facts, for he mentions Duggan as one of the witnesses who should have been called at the second trial, though by that time Duggan had been dead for over a year.

III

Whittaker Chambers, who had been for some years a secret agent of the Communists, broke with Communism and was persuaded to meet Mr. Adolf Berle, the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Security. Mr. Berle, in his long report to President Roosevelt, gave the names of Alger and his brother Donald Hiss among those who had been named by Chambers as Communist agents. 'The President,' writes Mr. Chambers, 'laughed. When Berle was insistent he had been told in words which it is necessary to paraphrase to go "jump in the lake".'

President Truman also treated as incredible and grotesque information which he received from Canada pointing to Hiss as a Communist agent. The interview with Berle took place in 1939.

Chambers, who retained to the last a genuine affection for Hiss, had relieved his conscience by reporting what he knew to Berle, and was clearly reluctant to take any further steps to expose his former friend until he was himself summoned, many years later, to give evidence before the House Committee on un-American Activities. This long delay, on which Lord Jowitt characteristically omits to comment, is difficult to reconcile with the hypothesis that Chambers concocted and forged the evidence which led to Hiss' conviction.

Alger Hiss began by asserting that he had never met Chambers, and it was only after Chambers had convinced the Committee by his intimate knowledge of Hiss' family life and hobbies that this statement was false that Hiss fell back on a second line of defence. Yes, he recognized Chambers as a journalist, George Crosley, who had approached him with a view to collecting some material for his articles. Hiss advanced on Chambers and asked him to open his mouth, and after examining his dentures and professing to listen to his voice, identified him as George Crosley. The play-acting was so obvious, quite apart from the fact that subsequent research failed to find any record of a contemporary author or journalist called Crosley, that even Lord Jowitt admits that Hiss was probably lying and concedes that he probably had Communist affiliations.

Chambers accepted Hiss' challenge to repeat his allegations on a non-privileged occasion, whereupon Hiss issued a writ for libel. The production of new and damning evidence by Chambers resulted in the prosecution of Hiss before a criminal court. The first jury disagreed, and the second found him guilty of perjury. A significant example of Lord Jowitt's inconsequent attitude is provided by a comparison of his various comments on Hiss' challenge to Chambers. On page 18 Lord Jowitt writes:

It is an interesting problem of psychology to consider whether a man who has treacherously handed over secret papers typed on his own typewriter or written in his own handwriting would have sued for libel the agent to whom he had handed them because that agent called him a Communist.

On page 253 he admits that if Hiss had been in any way associated with the Communists, which Lord Jowitt concedes to have been probable, he 'might have felt himself obliged to bring a libel action', and on page 135 Lord Jowitt states correctly that:

Hiss was, of course, committed to bringing this action by the attitude he had adopted before the House Committee, when he challenged Chambers to repeat on a non-privileged occasion the allegation that he had been a member of a Communist group.

Lord Jowitt might have added that Hiss could not have remained President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, salary 20,000 dollars a year, still less retain the respect of his friends and associates, unless he had challenged Chambers to repeat his charges on a non-privileged occasion, this being the only means at his disposal of vindicating his character.

It is in accord with Lord Jowitt's treatment of the evidence that he fails to mention the fact that Hiss' inaction, after Chambers had accepted the challenge, provoked Hiss' staunch supporter *The Washington Post* editorially to deplore Hiss' delay in bringing the action. The New York *Daily News*, in its terser style, merely asked, 'Well, Alger, where's that suit?'

Lord Jowitt's unfamiliarity with the American scene emerges in his allusion to 'The Institute of Pacific Relations with the Soviet Union'. There is no such Institute, but there is an 'Institute of Pacific Relations', the allusion being not to Picasso's dove but to the Pacific Ocean. But perhaps this is merely yet another example of slipshod writing, comparable to Lord Jowitt's misuse of the hackneyed phrase 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance' in its popular inexact sense (of a law which is more often broken than observed) rather than in its correct sense of a bad law which it is more honourable to break than to observe.

IV

Hiss was protected by the American equivalent of our statute of limitations from a prosecution for espionage or treachery. He was therefore charged with perjury (*a*) in that he denied handing over to Chambers in February and March 1938 Government documents, and (*b*) in that he denied that he had seen and conversed with Chambers in or about February and March 1938.

Lord Jowitt suggests that the handwritten documents which Chambers alleged had been handed over to him by Hiss were genuine notes prepared by Hiss for his official superiors and stolen from his office. Dr. Laetitia Fairfield quotes an I.R.A. veteran who assured her that the safest method of espionage was the handing

over of rough notes used in office routine. 'If they are traced to you, there is a perfect answer,' and the answer he recommended was precisely that given by Hiss.¹

The decisive fact in the trial was that documents, emanating from the State Department and the Military Intelligence Division of the State Department, had been copied and typed on a typewriter which, it was admitted, belonged to Hiss. The real strength of the case against Hiss, as Lord Jowitt observes, lay in the fact that he had access to all, or nearly all, of the original documents.

The case for the prosecution was still further strengthened by the lies which Hiss told, as, for instance, about the car which he transferred to Chambers, and also by the fact that Chambers' statement that Hiss belonged to a Communist organization was confirmed by witness after witness.

Little therefore is left to Lord Jowitt than to deflect attention from Hiss and to concentrate on the abuse of Chambers. His schizophrenic attitude to evidence emerges once again in his attitude to the psychiatrists called for the defence. He admits that 'his own experience leads him to view evidence of this kind with considerable suspicion . . . eminent doctors in this sort of case are apt to draw too generous conclusions from too slender premisses', but he just cannot force himself to reject anything which tells against Chambers, and adds:

I do not want however to infer that I have not been impressed by reading the evidence of Dr. Binger and Dr. Murray.

So impressed that, disregarding the great traditions of the English Bench, he sums up without any allusion to the decisive stage in the cross-examination of Dr. Murray which Mr. Chambers records in *Witness* (p. 691):

Repeatedly he testified under oath that he had reached his psychiatric conclusions about me wholly and solely from a study of my writings in *Time*, *Life* and elsewhere (he has never met me). He named a date when his conclusions had crystallized. In cross-examination Prosecutor Murphy carefully led Dr. Murray to repeat these statements. Then Murphy asked these questions: Was it not true that well before the date on which Dr. Murray said he had made his diagnosis solely on the basis of my writings, he had in person visited a former *Time* writer to question him about me? Was it

¹ *The Tablet*, 16 May 1953.

not true that he himself had then drawn such a picture of me as a drunken and unstable character that the *Time* writer had exclaimed: 'But Chambers is not like that at all'? Was it not true that Dr. Murray had then answered angrily: 'Oh, you're just trying to whitewash Chambers'? The distinguished head of Harvard's psychiatry department admitted that it was all true.

Lord Jowitt would have us believe that he has written this book from the Bench rather than from the Bar, summing up as a judge rather than indicting as a prosecutor, but the fact that the book had to be recalled to correct about a hundred inaccuracies, some of which weighted the scales against Chambers, suggests that his summing up is not wholly in accord with the traditions of the English Judiciary. An even greater departure from that tradition is Lord Jowitt's deplorable tendency to suppress facts which tell in Chambers' favour, facts which no judge in his summing up could possibly fail to put before the jury. I have just given one example of this departure from judicial precedent. Here is another.

Lord Jowitt is uneasily aware of the fact that Chambers' sacrifice of a position carrying a salary of 30,000 dollars a year is strong evidence of his sincerity, for it is a little difficult to suppose that his hatred of Hiss was such that he was prepared not only to forge evidence against him but also to destroy his own financial position. He solves this problem by denying its existence.

There was no reason why Chambers should have chucked his job. The proprietors of *Time* were most anxious that he should retain it and there was no reason connected with his evidence why he should not have done so. His reasons for giving it up were purely personal. He had had one serious breakdown in health . . . (p. 103).

All this is pure invention, a supposition manufactured to support his case being substituted for the facts as stated by Chambers. And even if he did not accept Chambers' statement he should, at least, have quoted it. Here is what Chambers writes in *Witness*, a book which Lord Jowitt has gone through with a comb seeking for points which tell *against* Chambers:

As a result of my actions, past and present, *Time Inc.* was taking a beating of which I did not then have any true idea. Worried stockholders and furious subscribers were deluging the company with angry pleas to get rid of me. There was no reason why *Time Inc.* should be penalized because of me. No other honorable or practical . . .

tical course was possible except for me to resign. No other course was possible but for *Time Inc.* to accept my resignation (p. 759).

A Senior Editor on *Time* assured me that those who had worked with Chambers never doubted his integrity. 'We were all dreadfully worried about the trial for Chambers started with all the odds against him. He was unknown excepting to his colleagues on *Time*. He turned up in rather badly-cut clothes—he has no feeling for such things—and there was nothing prepossessing about his manner or his appearance and nothing distinguished in his background. He was up against Alger Hiss, wellgroomed and good-looking, with all the backing of Harvard and the State Department and powerful friends, supported by the two most influential groups in this country, the upper class intellectuals and the Liberals.'

Chambers himself describes how Mr. Luce was baffled by the 'implacable clamour of the most enlightened people against me. . . . "It is the upper classes who are most violent against you".'

A witty European who was present pointed out that in America 'the working class are Democrats. The middle class are Republicans. The upper class are Communists.'

In conclusion let me record a certain bewilderment which afflicted me, from time to time, during my reading of Lord Jowitt's book. Was the learned judge gambling on the possibility that *all* his readers were wholly ignorant of normal criminal procedure? It is, for instance, elementary that no intelligent prosecutor confuses the issue by stressing charges which he cannot prove. Mr. Chambers, when summoned before the Committee, very properly informed them of all the circumstances which were relevant to the issue of Communism. Amongst other things he alleged that Alger Hiss' brother, Donald, had paid dues as a Communist. As this accusation rested on Mr. Chambers' uncorroborated statement, the prosecuting counsel very wisely made no reference to it in his closing speech, but does Lord Jowitt really want us to believe that an ex-Lord Chancellor is unaware of the distinction between a charge which has not been proved and a charge which has been disproved? Such would seem to be the implication of Lord Jowitt's remark that Mr. Chambers' allegations against Donald Hiss 'were demonstrated so far as human testimony can demonstrate to be entirely without foundation' (p. 179).

V

István Riesz, Minister of Justice at the time of Cardinal Mindszenty's trial, declared, 'We do not deny that jurisprudence is one of the weapons of class warfare,' and those left-wing reviewers in England who secretly accept this principle naturally welcomed Lord Jowitt's book: but the book, on the whole, had a thoroughly bad press, *The Times*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Sunday Times*, *Punch* and *The Spectator*, among others, being of one mind in regretting that a former Lord Chancellor should have written so unjudicial a book.

Thus Mr. Alistair Cooke of *The Manchester Guardian*, who admits that he 'drastically' revised his own views while the Trial, which he reported, was in progress, charitably describes Lord Jowitt as 'benignly unaware of the world we live in, in which such "unparalleled wickedness" as he occasionally shudders at is not only a regular event but is organized universally in three shifts a day'. Professor Denis Brogan, in *The Spectator*, finds 'the basic reason why the book is bad' in Lord Jowitt's 'innocence of the modern world', but a man need not be a cynic to reject as unconvincing the theory that this book is bad because Lord Jowitt is too good for this wicked world.

VI

Soviet Russia's policy today is clear. Her rulers seek to extend the Communist Empire to the confines of Asia, to capture Burma and Siam and India, to detach Africa, to disintegrate France and Italy by the Red Fifth Column and to separate Britain from the United States. Anything which provokes ill feeling between our country and America serves the purpose of those whose hopes of world conquest are better founded than those entertained by the Nazis.

Nobody would be so foolish as to suggest that Lord Jowitt is a conscious agent of Communism. On the contrary, Lord Jowitt, who began as a Liberal and who took office under the Labour Government, is alleged to be moving back to the Right. None the less, few publications can have given greater pleasure to Moscow

than the book in which a former Lord Chancellor makes disparaging comments on the American judicial system and casts doubts on the conviction of a Communist spy.

The rulers of Soviet Russia have good reason to be hopeful about the future. Their Empire is united in its military and political command.

The Free World, on the other hand, is divided. France and Italy are imperilled by strong Communist parties. Crypto-communists, often disguised as Conservatives, still occupy important positions in Great Britain and in America, and the free world is still further enfeebled by unconscious dupes who follow the party line as determined by the rulers of Moscow.

The free world is only slowly awakening to the fact that the decisive victories of Moscow were won in the American State Department. It was the influence of Moscow's secret agents, of men like Hiss, which handed over China to Soviet Russia and which rendered it possible for the men of Moscow to annex more territory in Europe without sacrificing a single Russian soldier than Hitler conquered in all his military campaigns.

That the investigation of Communist infiltration would be unwelcome to Communists and their fellow-travellers was clear, and the really disturbing fact about the present world situation is that the Communists should find such willing allies among 'good splendid liberal people who do not quite know the boundaries of right and wrong, and where the duty of resistance and defence begins. It is these men who open the doors and level the paths for the terrible masses everywhere.' I am quoting the great Swiss historian, Burckhardt, who predicted as far back as 1884 that Communism would find its most useful allies among the Liberals.

The Communists always try to smear anti-Communist movements by linking them to controversial personalities, thus labelling, for instance, all those who welcomed the victory of the army commanded by General Franco as 'Pro-Franco', which is very much as if every American, including Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who hoped for the defeat of the Nazis by the army commanded by General Eisenhower were to be labelled 'Pro-Eisenhower'. It is in accordance with this policy that all attempts to counteract Communist infiltration should be smeared as 'McCarthyism'. The really important work in the unmasking of Communist espionage and infiltration is the work which must be credited to the Senate's Committee of the Judiciary and the House Committee of un-

American Activities, which investigated Hiss. It is these Committees which are responsible, among other investigations, for the investigations of the influence of Communists in American education.

Senator McCarthy is a member of *neither* of these Committees. He is the chairman of the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, responsible for the mission of Messrs. Cohen and Shine to Germany, a mission which proved on balance more beneficial to the Communists than the anti-Communists.

About a hundred and fifty professors and teachers have appeared before the two Committees, of which Senator McCarthy is *not* a member, and about a hundred have declined to say whether they were Communists on the ground that such answers might tend to incriminate them. No further action was taken by the Committees against those who exercised their constitutional right 'under the Fifth amendment', but about fifty were suspended or discharged by the Educational Establishments which employed them.

'The myth of Congressmen,' writes Mr. Chambers, 'indiscriminately subpoenaing witnesses for the delight of inconveniencing, tormenting or ruining them belongs strictly to the folklore of the intellectuals. To do so would be political suicide.'

Out of a million educators about one hundred and fifty have been summoned before these Committees, of whom about fifty have subsequently lost their jobs.

And this is what American Liberals hysterically denounce as 'a witch hunt'.

The liquidation of millions, yes, *millions*, of Europeans and Asiatics by the Russian Communists, and their agents in other countries, provoked few protests, until pro-Communism ceased to be fashionable, from those who today denounce as 'witch-hunting' the removal of a few score Communists or suspected Communists from their posts.

The Intellectuals of the Left have no interest in universals. They never attempt to define the universal principles which should decide where the limits of tolerance ends and where the State must take steps to protect her citizens from foreign agents. Why, for instance, should it be wrong for the American Government to remove the agents of Communist Russia from key posts and right for the Americans to arrest neo-Nazis in Germany? Why were there no shrill cries of 'witch-hunting' when the Allies started

their de-Nazification trials? Or again, consider the uproar over the attempt to purge the libraries in the American centres of culture in Germany, which correspond to the various British Council Centres. These American Houses are maintained by the American tax-payer for propaganda purposes. They make no pretence to be general research libraries in which, for instance, Communism in all its aspects can be studied. Their *raison d'être* is to assist the students of American history and literature and to propagate the special virtues of the American way of life. It would be as inconsequent for such libraries to include propaganda for Communism as it would be for a Protestant theological library to fill its shelves with Catholic propaganda. And yet at the first suggestion that certain propaganda works of the enemy against whom America, at that moment, was fighting an undeclared war in Korea, might be removed from these libraries, emotional Leftists rushed into print with hysterical denunciation of 'the burning of the books'. This was the sort of thing, the public were assured, which went on under the Nazis. And not only under the Nazis, if an American official is to be believed, who assured me that the only books burnt in Germany by the Americans were works of Nazi propaganda.

Let us suppose that the Fascists and Nazis had been as successful as the Communists in promoting the infiltration of their propaganda into American Libraries in Germany, or to argue from a less fantastically improbable premise that a laudatory biography of General Franco or Hilaire Belloc's *The Jews*, which Jews with justification regard as anti-semitic, had been widely distributed to these libraries. Does anybody suppose that American Liberals would have raised the cry of 'book-burning' had these books been removed from the shelves?

The truth is that the Leftists who raise this clamour are not in the least interested in academic freedom, as such, but only in freedom for atheists and socialists to propagate their doctrines in universities endowed by Christians who believed in free enterprise. At a time when America was fighting in Korea against Russia and her stooges, academic freedom was invoked in America by Russia's agents and their dupes to facilitate the process of softening up American resistance to the enemy of everything in which America professes to believe. The fall of France in 1940 was largely the work of a fifth column, far smaller in numbers and incomparably less influential than the fifth column which won

the battle of Yalta and Potsdam in the American State Department, and to this day the agents of Russia can still count with confidence on the support, not only of their well-wishers, but also of the invincibly foolish. These men who describe themselves as Liberals have consistently undermined the efforts of all those who strive to protect their countries against the enemy of Liberalism, in the original and nobler sense of that much-abused term. If they fail, and if the war is lost by the West, all freedom, as Mr. Chambers has well said, 'will have become academic, merely academic'.

VII

The extent of the Communist infiltration into key positions in the American Civil Service would be more widely appreciated in England if Miss Rose Macaulay's admirable articles in *The Sunday Times* were reprinted in book form, or if Ralph de Toledano's *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats* (Little Brown and Co.) had been published in England.

It would be impossible to summarize in a few paragraphs a documented statement of Communist infiltration, but one case is worth mentioning as evidence of the fact that American patriots in high positions were impotent to protect their country from Communist spies.

On 10 June 1947 the Senate Appropriations Committee sent a confidential memorandum to the Secretary of State, George Marshall, designed to call attention to

a condition that developed and still flourishes in the State Department under the administration of Dean Acheson. It is evident that there is a deliberate, calculated programme being carried out, not only to protect Communist personnel in high places, but to reduce security and intelligence protection to a nullity.

After summarizing the activities of various Department officials to promote a scheme called Presentations Inc. for the dissemination of propaganda, and the link between this scheme and a Communist-dominated organization, the report continues:

Security objections to these and other even more dangerous developments were rebuffed by high administrative officials, and

there followed the substitution of unqualified men for these competent, highly respected personnel who heretofore held the intelligence and security assignments in the department. The new chief of controls is a man utterly devoid of background and experience for the job, who is, and at the time of his appointment was known to be, a cousin and close associate of a suspected Soviet agent.

The report complains that only two persons had been dismissed, of whom one was subsequently sent to gaol for perjury in his denial of previous membership of the Communist party. The report named forty-five persons as '*only a few of the hundreds now employed who are protected and allowed to remain despite the fact that their presence is an obvious hazard to national security*'¹ (*italics mine*).

The cry of 'witch-hunting' was raised, as Miss Macaulay rightly says, by 'those who had every reason to fear that they or their friends would be unmasked as the modern equivalent of the witch. . . . It would be a strange Government indeed that felt no curiosity when faced with such intimations of disorder. To call such curiosity "witch-hunting" must be a careless repetition of an impudent piece of Communist propaganda; and it cannot even be justified by the pretence that investigations at first reasonable, degenerated into "witch-hunts". The printed record shows no more inquisitiveness at work than the situation would have provoked in any society not manifestly insane.'

VIII

The disconcerting episodes discussed in these pages, however much they may differ in detail, are symptoms of the same malady, a defect of intellectual integrity. This sickness of our age is in part the byproduct of that growing contempt for objectivity which finally becomes explicit in the philosophy of Communism. To the Communist, morality in general and truth in particular are instruments in the class war, a statement for which (*Communist and Socialism* and *The Revolt against Reason*) I have elsewhere provided the necessary evidence from Communist sources. A lack of

¹ The *New York Times* (3 July 1953) quotes an official report by the State Department to the Government Operations Committee of the House of Representatives in which it is stated that 529 employees of the Department have been dismissed, of which 381 were homosexuals and 148 judged to be security risks. Father F. D. Cohalan, who quotes these figures in *The Tablet*, adds that hundreds of others were allowed to resign.

objectivity is a common failing in religious, national and political propaganda, but the Russian Communists were the first to condemn objectivity as such, and to equate truth and treachery. Thus, in 1948, Stalin's deputy in his attack on G. F. Alexander's study of Western Philosophy, which was published in Russia, *complained* that the 'author presents the history of philosophy objectively. He consistently pursues an objective conception throughout the whole book.'

It is fantastic that statesmen should ever have attached the slightest importance to agreements signed by the Nazis or the Communists, particularly as both Hitler and Stalin were considerate enough to put into print their own estimate of the value to be attached to their signatures. 'Good words,' said Stalin, 'are a mask for bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or wooden iron.'

We owe an allegiance to truth, as Hilaire Belloc said, 'not because it is the truth—one can have no allegiance to an abstraction—but because whenever we insist on a truth we are witnessing to Almighty God'.

When men cease to witness to God they often cease to insist on truth. Polybius, a sceptic, attributed the fact that the Romans were so much more honest than the Greeks to their 'scrupulous fear of the gods', the gods in whom Polybius himself no longer believed.

It is not surprising that a generation of intellectuals who have been conditioned by Freud, and other atheists, to regard the quest for objective truth as absurd (seeing that our beliefs are not the result of a reasoning process but imposed on us by heredity, environment, economic processes and sex), should have abandoned the search for objective criteria and universal principles.

Consider, for instance, the problem of toleration and its limits. Intellectuals whose special function it is to form the minds of the young, University professors, for instance, might be expected to begin by insisting on the importance of a universal principle before discussing a particular case, for until you have defined the general principles of toleration you cannot begin to discuss intelligently the particular problems presented by the attempt to reconcile academic freedom with the right to propagate Neo-Nazism, or Communism or anti-democracy, or anti-semitism or anti-theism.

It is, perhaps, inevitable that those who no longer believe in the supreme Universal should decide these questions in conformity

with the particular prejudices of their class, status, political affiliation or race. As the academic world has not escaped the infection of secularism and its chief symptom, the repudiation of universals, it is not surprising that selective indignation should be a vocational disease among professors. Catholics, who do believe in universals, are not immune from this disease; but the proportion of Catholic ecclesiastics and professors and other intellectuals who have been actively associated with protests against the persecution of Jews is certainly much higher than the proportion of secularists who have identified themselves with protests against the persecution of Catholics.

The selective indignation which is only provoked by the persecution of one's own religion, race, political party or class is in its final analysis treason against truth, and the real case against the intellectuals who betrayed their generation is summed up in the title of a famous book, *La Trahison des Clercs*. It was only a few of these intellectuals that were guilty of treason to their countries, and it was only a minority who were innocent of treason to their class. Class solidarity is far stronger among the workers by hand than among the intellectuals. The workers of the world are always ready to unite in their demands for a higher standard of living, but there is no corresponding unity in the demand for that higher standard of thought which is only possible where thought is free. No more squalid betrayal of a class is conceivable than the readiness of certain intellectuals who clamour for academic freedom, to condone the complete suppression of all intellectual freedom in Soviet Russia.

The intellectuals, of whom Alger Hiss was typical, were guilty of formal apostasy. They had turned their back on Truth when they made a principle of selective indignation, condoning in the Communists what they condemned in the Nazis. Hiss was corrupted by the lie in his soul, and it was this treason to Truth which was responsible for his treason to his country.

THE PRICE OF POETRY¹

By ROBERT SPEAIGHT

IF it were within one's power to arrange the rendezvous of Paradise, it would be fascinating to assist at a meeting between Arthur Rimbaud and Gerard Manley Hopkins. Each poet was practically unknown in his lifetime; each died in early middle-age and within a few years of the other, Rimbaud in 1891, Hopkins in 1885; each left the earth with the same sense of temporal failure and the same hope of heavenly reward; each has influenced, in England and France, the current of contemporary verse more than any other poet of the last century; each acceded, the one early and the other late, to the fulness of Catholic belief. This resemblance of destiny is sufficiently strong to warrant our looking at them side by side, and also to prevent our claiming a likeness where none is there. The differences between Hopkins and Rimbaud are even more instructive than their similarities.

Mr. Fowlie tells us in his profoundly interesting study (unlike many books of American criticism, this one is written in English prose) that 500 books have been written about Arthur Rimbaud, and even after all this energy of exegesis and all these pleadings of *parti pris*, there are many important questions to which no certain answer can be given. Was Rimbaud's conversion sincere; was it a rather cynical version of Pascal's wager; was it affected to please his devoted sister; were its depth and intensity exaggerated to compose the profile of *Rimbaud catholique*? Surprisingly, Mr. Fowlie does not offer us an opinion; but here we cannot do better than refer to Dr. Enid Starkie's biography, which is still the best general account of Rimbaud available. Dr. Starkie, who is a cool and unimpassioned student of her subject, is in no doubt that the conversion was genuine. But, on another question, more relevant to Mr. Fowlie's essay, he parts company with her. He believes with

¹ *Rimbaud's Illuminations: A Study in Angelism*, by Wallace Fowlie, with new translations, and the French text. (The Harvill Press. 18s.)

A Hopkins Reader, Selected and with an Introduction by John Pick. (Geoffrey Cumberledge; Oxford University Press. 21s.)

Selected Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins, edited with an Introduction and Notes by James Reeves. (William Heinemann Ltd. 6s.)

Bouillane de la Coste that the *Illuminations* were written after *Une Saison en Enfer*; that they were the last thing that Rimbaud wrote; and that they are the summit of his work. This, he admits, is to reverse the long-accepted conclusions of Rimbaud criticism. He briefly summarizes the evidence marshalled by La Coste in his edition of the *Illuminations*, published by the Mercure de France in 1949; and while he accepts the arguments, he admits that they are not coercive. Yet this is a point upon which our view of Rimbaud's development, and indeed his spiritual significance, must very largely depend.

If we follow Dr. Starkie's biography, and read alongside it the brilliant critical essay by Jacques Rivière, the following picture emerges. Rimbaud began by believing that by a deliberate *dérèglement de tous les sens* he could induce in himself the powers of a *voyant*; that he was, as Claudel maintained, a mystic *en état sauvage*; that the *Illuminations* are his vision of a world sundered into fragments by its contact with supra-terrestrial reality; that the vision faded; and that all Rimbaud could do was to describe the *saison en enfer* through which he had bought so terrible a knowledge; that the conflict in him between the all-demanding love of God and his own desire for *la liberté dans le salut* was still unresolved when he laid down his pen in 1873; and that the long, unfruitful wanderings in the Middle East and the final protracted agony were the nemesis of his nearly unconquerable pride. The picture makes sense.

Cependant c'est la veille. Recevons tous les influx de vigueur et de tendresse réelle. Et à l'aurore, armés d'une ardente patience, nous entrerons aux splendides villes.

This seems to look forward to the last days in the hospital at Marseilles, the extraordinary faith noted by his confessor, the candles and the white cloth of the Communion. But if La Coste and Mr. Fowlie are correct in their assumption that the *Illuminations* were written in 1874, when Rimbaud was in London with his friend, Germain Nouveau the poet, then the suspended psychological drama was the prelude, and not the postscript, to the mystical vision. Mr. Fowlie maintains, with André Breton and the Surrealists, that this order 'makes the best sense in terms of Rimbaud's poetic development and strength'. *Une Saison en Enfer* had recorded the struggle of an adolescent; it was an intensely subjective poem. In the *Illuminations*, as Rivière pointed out, the boy Rimbaud disappears; he turns his back upon the reader; he is

not concerned with intelligible communication; he receives rather than creates. The poem is in the order not of psychology, but of prophecy. For a moment, Rimbaud is the mouthpiece of metaphysical truth; and the moment, interpret it how you will, is among the miracles of literature. When it is over, Rimbaud says nothing, because there is nothing more to say. Rimbaud has ceased to matter.

This view of the two poems also makes sense. Both views leave us with a long silence and a soul very near to shipwreck. No certain choice, as Mr. Fowlie admits, can even now be made between them. The mystery of Rimbaud remains—a mystery which has teased and troubled a generation of readers which can no longer accept an academic distinction between literature and life. Rimbaud is too near to all our bones for us to dismiss him as a case-history of the cafés and a *voyou* of the *rive gauche*; too complex for us to salute him as the first of the Surrealists, and too alarming for us to enthrone him, a little higher than Claudel, on the slopes of the Catholic Parnassus; too profoundly revolutionary for us to see him merely as the precursor of Mayakovsky. His challenge—his desperately mistaken, his deeply instructive challenge—was to life itself. *Décidément, nous sommes hors du monde*—this disgust with the unabiding city was the source of his sanctity *à rebours*, and it was a source poisoned by the want of humility. It is only the very humble who can safely accuse the world. *La vie est la farce à mener par tous*, and Rimbaud envied the saints—*des forts*—who could lend it dignity. He waited on God *avec gourmandise*; he knew himself, through all the sullen perseverance of debauch, to be ‘the slave of his baptism’; he knew that the promptings of purity—*O pureté, O pureté*—and the illuminations of *esprit* would lay him at God’s feet. *Par l’esprit on va à Dieu*, and *s’il avait toujours été bien éveillé, je voguerais en pleine sagesse*. But his angelic pride held out.

The word is Mr. Fowlie’s, and it qualifies Dr. Starkie’s thesis that Rimbaud thought he was God; that he ceased to be interesting or effective when he found out, through bitter experience, that he wasn’t. His place was with Nietzsche in the front rank of the revolted angels. ‘*Nietzsche—le seul ennemi qui compte*,’ murmured Charles du Bos on his death-bed; by this he meant that Nietzsche had opened the windows once more on to the Absolute, and Rimbaud had performed the same service for Claudel. ‘Humanly speaking,’ he wrote in his celebrated preface to the 1912 edition of the poems, ‘I owe my conversion to him.’ And so Rimbaud comes

before us as a liberator. There are poets of whom one is tempted to say that they are civilizing in the sense that they are concerned to restore or to rebuild the city. Virgil is the first of these, with Dryden following after. Some poets—Shelley and Wordsworth, Shakespeare and Hopkins, Dante above all—have the double vision of the here-and-now and the hereafter, and are correspondingly the richer. They see, in their differing degrees of penetration, both sides of the phenomenal wall which is our immediate condition. But the work of all these men that I have just mentioned, with the arguable exception of Shelley, is a cement and not a solvent. With Rimbaud it is different. When he has finished, nothing—absolutely nothing—remains; not even Rimbaud.

If we compare the *Illuminations* with the poems of St. John of the Cross, we feel all the distance between an ordered and an anarchic mysticism. When St. John has descended from his ecstasy, there will be a hundred and one chores to attend to, and these will not be despised. A cell to be cleaned out; a sketchy sort of meal to make ready; some corporal work of mercy to perform. But for Rimbaud, with his denial of God and consequently of man, there is only the loveless debauch, the aimless wandering, and the atrocious solitude. This, no doubt, is what Claudel meant by saying that he was a mystic *en état sauvage*. The mystics are nearly always practical; they are the geniuses of common sense. But you feel that Rimbaud was incapable of boiling an egg. By this he—not his vision—stands condemned. He was indeed an agent of the supernatural; a sign in the sky to shatter the crass rationalism of nineteenth-century man. But he fell to the ground because he never came to terms with nature or reason. Reason and nature may be transcended, but they may not be denied. Rimbaud, for all his angelic ambition, had a body, and he was to know it, bitterly, through his debauch; and, bitterly again, through his infirmity.

He was saved by his innocence—he who believed that he could know all things. 'The incoherence of his language,' says Rivière, 'is only the reflection of his ignorance of the sort of thing he is talking about. He cannot prepare for us what he is going to say, because he does not hold it in advance, because he is only made aware of it at the moment that he offers it to us. His words are born too close to his mind for him to be able to hear them before they are spoken. He assists at what he expresses; he sees it appear before him, but he has no more idea than we have where it comes from or what it is.' This is very true, and we are reminded of Blake, who was also

in some sense a mystic *en état sauvage*, saving English poetry from the eighteenth century as Rimbaud was to save French poetry from the nineteenth. But if we turn from Rimbaud to St. John of the Cross, we see the difference between the *voyant* and the saint. St. John, though he is clearly on speaking terms with the Ineffable, can still find a lucid analogy for what he has seen and heard. Have we the right to ask any more of poetry?

Yes, reply Breton and the Surrealists, because there is no Ineffable, only the mystery of the unconscious and the uncontrolled. Reality is contradicted by anything so reasonable as rhyme; and Rimbaud was a liberator because he loosed poetry from its shackles. The new theory of the *Illuminations* as Rimbaud's last word is plausible because here he has totally deserted rhyme. I have neither the space nor the patience to discuss the insufficiency of surrealist doctrine in poetry or anything else; but it is important for us to decide how far Rimbaud can be confined within this category. Does his free and fragmentary style reflect a spasmodic insurrection of submerged memory? Does it reflect merely the *alchimie du verbe*, on which he was to write a famous passage? Does it reflect a mystical vision, deliberately induced, distorted no doubt, but still objective? Upon the answer we give to these questions our estimate of Rimbaud will depend.

Their essence is contained in two passages. In the first, his letter of 15 May 1871, he outlines his method of demoralization. This, like Gide's arduous imitation of it, was really a perverted asceticism.

'I say that one must be a *voyant*, make oneself a *voyant*. The poet makes himself a *voyant* by a long, immense and reasoned *disordering of all the senses*. He experiences every form of love, suffering, madness; he sets out to discover himself; he exhausts in himself every poison, only retaining the quintessence of each. This is an indescribable torture, which demands all his faith, and a super-human strength as well, so that among all men he may stand forth as the great invalid and the great criminal, cursed above all others—and the supreme *savant*.'

The second passage is taken from *Une Saison en Enfer*, and this describes his technique of verbal alchemy. Here what he calls 'the poetic nonsense' (*la vieillesse poétique*) had an important part to play.

'I got accustomed to simple hallucination. I would see, quite frankly, a mosque in the place of a factory, a school for drummers made by angels, carriages in the sky, and a drawing-room at the

bottom of a lake; I saw monsters and mysteries; a music-hall advertisement brought terror to my eyes.'

And so Rimbaud ended by finding 'sacred' the deliberate disorder of his mind. But the passages I have quoted raise the question: what has this avowed sorcery to do with mystical vision? What has it to do with even the preliminary stages of enlightenment? If there were nothing more to Rimbaud than a monstrous technique of dehumanization, we might be tempted to dismiss his poetry as imposture. But what matters to us is the condition of his being when his conscious processes were complete; what matters to us is the man—mystic or maniac—that he had become. Rivière reminds us that he had become, above everything, *le grand malade*; he had become, in his own words, 'idle, envying the beasts their happiness; the caterpillars representing the innocence of limbo, the moles suggesting the sleep of virginity'. Or again: 'I fell into a sleep prolonged over several days.' Does not this suggest a state of passivity, however induced, which is the precise opposite of anything we understand by creation? Is it not the state of being in which a man is likely to receive visions, but in which he will most improbably be able to organize them into coherent forms? If he is a poet, is it not altogether to be expected that his poetry will be the kind of poetry that we do, in fact, find Rimbaud's poetry to be?

For Rimbaud does not give us an idea or even an analogy of God. He does not write like a man who has seen God face to face. He does not give us an allegory of the other world. He gives us, we are tempted to say, no more than the revelation he has deserved. He gives us no more (and no less) than Coleridge gives us in *Kubla Khan*; the dissolving fabrics of a dream which will fade as soon as the drugs which have evoked it have lost their spell. If a vision has indeed been vouchsafed to him, it is a vision of this world, not of the next; but of this world shivered into incoherence by contact with supernatural reality; of this world seen, momentarily, from the other side. The Surrealists would, of course, deny this. They would say that Rimbaud's vision is from the depths of unconscious memory. For them there is no 'above' and consequently no ascent. There is only descent into an unfathomable beyond. And even if we claim that Rimbaud's vision was objective in the sense that it really was a visitation, that the ego was obliterated in the experience, it still remains a vision without an object. To seize the object, even genius has to share, in some degree, the sanity of the saints.

There is no measuring-rod in the apparatus of criticism which will tell us whether the *Illuminations* are merely the dreams of a disordered fancy or whether they correspond with objective reality. That is why Rimbaud is eternally mysterious. Even if we feel his verses to be much more than the fabrications of a fashionable *angoisse*, even if we know in our bones that they are poetry—we still have to decide whether they are more, or other, than that. The decision can only be made by a personal response; no aesthetic canon and no rational argument will take us very far. It all boils down in the end to 'What does Rimbaud mean to me?' We have seen what he meant to Claudel, and I see no reason to dispute the judgement of Mr. Fowle that he has played a major part in that re-spiritualization of poetry, which is the chief heritage of symbolism. But to say this is not to say that he is a greater artist than Baudelaire or Mallarmé; for when we come to estimate the conquests of the creative mind, the poem counts for more than the poet. It does not much matter in the end whether Shakespeare was Bacon or not.

When Dr. Starkie suggests that *Le Bateau Ivre* is Rimbaud's greatest poem, she is questioning—and in my opinion quite rightly—the esoteric standards by which the Symbolists are so often judged. *Le Bateau Ivre* is a strange poem, to be sure. It is subjective in a way that the *Illuminations* are not. It communicates, with astounding technical accomplishment, the tragedy of Rimbaud's adolescence. The little boat adventures into exotic seas, and at the end:

*Un enfant accroupi, plein de tristesse, tâche
Un bateau frêle comme un papillon de mai.*

Yet the poem is not fettered by its prosody. The strict rhymes do not diminish its intensity, nor stifle its incandescence. The associations of thought and images lose nothing of their daring. There is never a slip into the literary banal. If the purpose of art is first to organize and then to communicate experience, then *Le Bateau Ivre* is surely one of the greatest poems in literature. And where it differs from the *Illuminations* and, in my own view, surpasses it, is that here Rimbaud is still working as a conscious artist—already a *révolté*, already a mystic *en état sauvage*, but still responsible. There is of course plenty of artistic responsibility in the later poem—a comparison between Rimbaud's first and second drafts, where these are available, will tell us that; but the responsibility is verbal, and

Rimbaud has, essentially, deserted poetry for prophecy. The result was not only a spiritual disaster, but an intellectual suicide. Poetry was led up the garden path of the prose poem, from which the rigour of Valéry and Eliot was later to rescue it. Only St. Jean Perse among the modern posterity of Rimbaud was to justify the abdication of prosody in practice, and only André Breton was to justify it in precept. The case for reason as the imagination's necessary foe had been stated, but it had not been proved.

II

I have suggested that the differences between Rimbaud and Hopkins are more instructive than the similarities. To begin with Hopkins did not ask poetry to do anything that poetry could not do, at least in the metaphysical order. Using words, as he did, as precision instruments, he may have asked too much of them; but his expectations were technical and aesthetic. He would have subscribed, none more feelingly, to Maritain's invaluable dictum that 'it is a deadly error to look to art for the supra-substantial nourishment of the soul'. Of this error Rimbaud is the tragic example, and it was sedulously fostered by the aestheticism which was the climate of the Oxford Hopkins knew. But happily, other ferments were at work; and among them was theological seriousness—the theological seriousness which was the root of the matter in Baudelaire. And a comparison between Baudelaire and Hopkins is also profitable.

No reader can escape the feeling that Hopkins is the most positive of poets. We find in him, to be sure, no trace of the optimism he so disliked in Browning. There are plenty of things wrong with the world, although God is indubitably in His heaven. Nature is 'bleared, smeared with toil'; a rampant capitalism had degraded the dignity of work:

This, by Despair, bred Hangdog dull; by Rage
Manwolf, worse; and their packs infect the age.

There are the dark sonnets, obscure with the loneliness of the dark night. (There is no need whatever to read into them a crisis of vocation.) But all these poems are positive because the pain in them—especially the pain in them—asserts an existent good. The poetry of Hopkins is fixed in Being, where the poetry of Rimbaud

is fixed in nothingness. Perhaps this was one reason why Hopkins, in spite of discouragement and near-despair, went on writing poetry to the end. The poetry of Hopkins is sane with a shining sanity, where the poetry of Rimbaud is literally moonshine—because it is the poetry of a man who had begged the moon to make him mad, in order to behold the things that only madmen, or mystics, see. For Rimbaud was a mystical poet in a way that Hopkins was not.

We must be very careful, here, of our definitions. Are there anywhere in Hopkins signs of an experience which transcends the mind's or the senses' grasp? A vocation profoundly felt, a lifetime's experience of the friendship of Christ (for that is what his poetry is about) do not amount to mystical experience. Even if we believed Hopkins to be a saint, that would not by itself qualify him as a mystic. Of course there are those who believe that imagination of a certain order is equivalent to mystical knowledge, and Hopkins had imagination of a rare kind. Like any great poet, he could pierce beyond the appearances of things; or rather, by striving to render their appearances more exact, he was able to seize their reality. Take the jotted observations of Nature, which were the raw material of his verse:

Afterwards a lovely sunset of rosy juices and creams and combs; the combs I mean scattered floating bats or rafts or racks above, the creams the strew and bed of the sunset, passing north and south or rather north only into grey marestail and brush along the horizon to the hills. Afterwards the rosy field of the sundown turned purple and the slips and creamings in it stood out like brands, with jots of purple.

The reality in this is seized from the hither side. Rimbaud would have passed it arrogantly by in order to describe it, if at all, from an angelic angle.

Although it is heresy (and a widespread heresy in modern times) to believe that imagination is only another name for mystical knowledge, it is still true to say that imagination is analogous to mysticism. Imagination, transcending but not contradicting reason, is the most perfect instrument we possess, short of mystical knowledge, for laying hold upon the mystery of things. It stands worlds above the materialism which denies and the logic which explains; but it stands below the mysticism which delivers and is beyond expression. It articulates and transmits the Ineffable; it is not the Ineffable itself.

The sole end of the mystical rapture is that it should be felt,

and of the poetic rapture that it should be expressed. The mystic, when he has come down from his seventh heaven, carries on with his job whatever it may be. He may feel it his business to testify, but he cannot hope to translate. But the poet, when the sunset has faded and the beloved hand has been drawn away, is only at the beginning of his task. He must organize his experience into art; he must remember, not in the stress and ecstasy of direct knowledge but in the tranquillity of the creative act. Hopkins's insights, however far his depression may have persuaded him otherwise, were never lost. But they were the insights of poetic, not of mystical, knowledge; and they were also, very often, the insights of religious truth.

Rimbaud was the real, inconsolable 'widow of an insight lost'. Where Hopkins was merely a revolutionary in the making of words and the measures of prosody, Rimbaud had sought to revolutionize the function of poetry itself. By a denial of morality, which had all the agony of an ascesis, he sought to justify his theory of the poet as *voyant*; and he earned an intense and momentary vision of the 'insubstantial pageant faded'. But he himself fell to earth among the fragments of the phenomena he described. He was the Icarus of creative intuition. Having refused the hither vision proper to the poet, he was condemned to an uncreative silence. Having chosen the blasphemous approach to Divine Knowledge, having preferred magic to sanctity, he was first rewarded by an eloquence which shivered the complacency of his day, like a sudden trumpet in the sky; and he was then punished by an incapacity for word or action, which persisted until the moment when he consented to go to God on God's terms and not on his own. Rimbaud is important, and even prodigious, as a poet; he is even more important as a parable.

It is nonsense to pretend, as critics still perversely insist, that Hopkins's poetic development was obstructed by his vocation. A law freely observed and a discipline freely accepted are the condition, not the contradiction, of liberty. But to say this is not to deny that Hopkins's poetry was achieved at a price, and that the necessities of vocation raised it. My purpose in suggesting a comparison between Rimbaud and Hopkins is to show that Hopkins, by his ordering of things to their right end, and Rimbaud by his distorting of them from it, is each an illustration of the realities that make poetry possible. And if in each case there was a price to pay, Rimbaud's reckoning was the higher.

THE DECLINE AND RISE OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

By J. M. CAMERON

ARTHUR ROSENBERG, in the Preface to the English translation of his *History of Bolshevism*, wrote in 1933 that 'the ruin of the KPD sealed the fate of the Third International, which has ceased, together with its affiliations in Czechoslovakia, France, etc., to be a factor in international politics'. And at the end of the book he wrote: 'The historic deeds of the great Russian Revolution still fascinate some small sections of the international working class. But the Communist International has no longer any influence upon the course of the world proletarian movement.'

At first sight this seems a strange and mistaken judgement. In the twenty years that have elapsed since the German débâcle of the Comintern the Communist parties in Europe and Asia have gathered to themselves more power and have provoked livelier apprehensions than ever they did in the years of the great revolutionary wave that had its source in the Petrograd insurrection of November 1917. The parties hold the state power in the greater part of eastern Europe. The Chinese Communists rule a country vaster, more populous and potentially richer than the Russian Empire. The foundations of the European empires are crumbling in Malaya and Indo-China; and in the jungles and the rice-fields armies and bands of *francs-tireurs* under Communist leadership prepare for the final struggle with the Europeans. In the richest and most powerful country in the West, the United States, the fear of the Communists is so intense that Senator Joseph McCarthy, a singularly vulgar politician even by the standards of American machine politics, has been able to use it as a means of inflating himself into a figure of some importance in the world.

It is not simply that the Communists have known how to win

profit from the social consequences of the Second World War. Not long after Dr. Rosenberg had written that the Comintern had 'ceased . . . to be a factor in international politics', the tactics of the *Front Populaire* had spread from France to the whole of western Europe, winning the support not only of important sections of the labour movement but also of sections of the educated classes, even among the Christian intelligentsia. The gains made by the Communists in these years seemed to have been lost overnight by the Nazi-Soviet Pact; but with the German attack on the USSR in June 1941 the doubtful and disgusted were for the most part won over once again; and the victories of the Red Armies made new friends and allies for the Communists.

Nevertheless, in one sense Dr. Rosenberg is perfectly right. The world revolution has proved to be a mirage. The only proletarian revolution ever led by a Communist party was in Russia in 1917;¹ and the difference between the Soviet Union of our own day and the Soviet Republic of the heroic age is greater than that between the France of the Empire and the France of 1793. The myth and ritual of the revolution survive in increasingly perfunctory forms; but the spirit that once gave them the power to enchant has gone for ever.

We are faced with a paradox. History has cheated the expectations of the Bolsheviks who made the 1917 Revolution. Neither the development of the Soviet State nor social and economic developments in the metropolitan countries of western civilization have at all verified the forecasts, drawn from the theory of Marxism, made by Lenin and his colleagues. At the same time the power of the Communist parties has grown immensely, though in ways unprovided for by the theory of Marxism. Bolshevism is dead: but the inheritors of Bolshevism are formidably alive.

Two recent works help to illuminate the paradox.² That by Dr. Borkenau, who has already given us a history of the Communist International and a perceptive book on the Spanish Civil War, is in effect a history of the Communist parties, with the French Communists very much at the centre of the picture, from the rise of the *Front Populaire* down to 1945. There are short prefatory and concluding sections, the one dealing with Bolshevism and the

¹ I do not assert that 'proletarian revolution' is more than a mythical category; but here, and here alone, myth and history touch.

² *European Communism*. By Franz Borkenau. (Faber & Faber. 42s.)

Sociology of Communism. By Jules Monnerot. Translated by Jane Degras and Richard Rees. (Allen & Unwin. 30s.)

Communist International down to 1934, the other surveying events from 1945 down to the end of 1949; but the greater part of the book is concerned with the decisive ten years between 1934 and 1945. M. Monnerot's work has a rather pretentious title. 'Sociology' here means not an empirical study but the speculative subject, deriving ultimately rather from Comte than from Le Play, firmly established in French universities. Much of the book is therefore written in a repulsive jargon with which his English translators have struggled courageously but without complete success. But there is much intelligence and sensibility in the book; and M. Monnerot sees more clearly than does Dr. Borkenau that Marxism and Bolshevism have become in the contemporary world a secular religion. This is a curious transformation which would have astonished and appalled the fathers of the cult; but it is inescapable.

Dr. Borkenau's general thesis seems to be this. From very early in the history of the Communist International the strategy and tactics of the international movement were subordinated, not so much to Soviet foreign policy—he suggests that frequently there was a good deal of strain between the leaders of the Soviet Foreign Office and the leaders of the Comintern—as to the exigencies of domestic policy in the USSR. The inner party struggle after the death of Lenin was reflected in the changes of line within the Comintern and the frequent purges in the leadership of the national Communist parties. With the consolidation of Stalin's power and the launching of the first Five Year Plan the ridiculous policy of 'class against class' and the slogan of 'social fascism'—the Comintern alleging that the social democratic parties were the 'chief support of the bourgeoisie' and more culpable and more dangerous than the Nazis—largely sprang from the desire of Stalin to create a war psychosis in the Soviet Union and to convey the impression to the Soviet masses that the capitalist world was in a state of social crisis. The effect of this policy was to reduce the Communist parties in the West to complete insignificance. Even the German party, with its mass following, was a party of the unemployed and the *lumpen* proletariat. Its connexions with the labour movement were extremely tenuous and its followers went over to the Nazis with the greatest of ease. When Hitler came to power the KPD, fresh from collaborating with the Nazis in the Berlin transport strike, collapsed without a struggle. Incredibly, Manuilsky and Piatnizky, the satraps of the

Comintern, argued throughout 1933 that the German working class had not suffered a defeat and that the social democrats were still the chief support of the bourgeoisie. This fact, considered simply in isolation, is sufficient to show that Comintern policy was not determined by any attempt, even a bungling attempt, to shape policy in the light of the actual situation.

The transition from the policy of left extremism to the policy of a left-centre-right bloc in defence of bourgeois democracy—the policy of the *Front Populaire*—is also connected by Dr. Borkenau with contemporary changes in Soviet domestic policy. The common explanation of this change is that it was required by Litvinov's foreign policy in general and the Franco-Soviet Pact in particular. Dr. Borkenau thinks this implausible. He points out that the Franco-Soviet Pact was negotiated by the Doumergue Cabinet and that if the change in French Communist policy was a move in Soviet foreign policy it was extraordinarily inept since it involved agitating for the overthrow of the Doumergue Government. He connects the change rather with the 'liberal' period in Soviet domestic policy, the period represented by the drafting and discussion of the Stalin Constitution. This is perhaps to use the word 'liberal' in a somewhat Pickwickian sense; for this is also the period of the great purges. The point is that the class struggle in the Soviet countryside—'the liquidation of the kulaks as a class'—seems to be over. Under the new Constitution members of the formerly proscribed classes are admitted to such political rights as exist. There is an attempt at social reconciliation and this is reflected not only in constitutional changes but also in a variety of social and economic changes: the increasing differentiation of wages and salaries, a conservative reaction in education and medicine and family legislation. And it has to be remembered that the chief victims of the purges conducted by Yagoda and, after the fall of Yagoda, by Yezhov were Soviet and foreign Communists: a result no doubt looked upon with some complacency by the Soviet masses; indeed, Stalin may well have intended this result, here following the well-known precedent, noted by Machiavelli, of Cesare Borgia. Dr. Borkenau, then, argues that the approach by French and other Communists in this period to parties and social groups of the centre and the right—for the Communist rancour against the social democrats remained strong and they valued their connexions with the Radicals and with Catholic circles far more than their connexions with the French

Socialists—reflected the liberal period in Soviet domestic policy and had slight connexion with the *overt* foreign policy pursued by the Soviet Government in these years. Dr. Borkenau believes, following Krivitsky, that throughout the greater part of the period between 1934 and 1939 Stalin was in fact manoeuvring for a German alliance and that the month to month fluctuations of the general Communist line can, especially in connexion with the war in Spain, be correlated with the vicissitudes of this secret flirtation with the Nazis.

Again, this is the period, so Dr. Borkenau believes, in which the GPU (later MVD) became supreme in the Comintern. It is not so generally known as it ought to be that the liquidation of foreign Communists resident in Moscow was, in the middle 'thirties, on a grander scale even than that of Soviet Communists. The Hungarian Bela Kun, the German Heinz Neumann, the entire leadership of the Polish and Yugoslav parties, all these and many more obscure figures, among them refugees from the Nazi terror, perished in these terrible years. But it is above all the war in Spain which provides the richest documentation for the thesis that in these years the Soviet political police became supreme over the foreign Communist parties. How far the average party member, then or later, knew the extent of GPU intervention, in struggles within the Communist parties, within the international brigades and in the relations between the Spanish Communist party and the other parties in the Republican bloc, is uncertain. But the evidence provided by Dr. Borkenau, by the late George Orwell, by Jef Last, by Spanish Communists who survived and escaped from Soviet prison camps during and after the Second World War, and by many other witnesses is absolutely conclusive. It is a strange and squalid side of a conflict which brought out much romantic heroism and imposed the sacrifice of many precious young lives. The pages devoted to the war in Spain are among Dr. Borkenau's best and they correct some of the errors—notably the assessment of the Spanish Communist leader, Dolores Ibarruri—of *The Spanish Cockpit*, written as it was so close to the events described.

(Incidentally, Dr. Borkenau's account, here and in his earlier book, should do something to dissipate the curious legends, current in Catholic circles, about the Spanish war. According to these legends, the Spanish Communist party played a decisive part at the outbreak of the war, was the main driving force behind

the persecution of the Church and was guided throughout the war by the aim of setting up a Soviet Republic in Spain. All this is false. The Spanish Communists only began to gain in importance with Soviet intervention and the arrival of the international brigades in the late autumn of 1936. The burning of churches and the slaughter of clergy and religious were almost entirely the work of the Anarchists and Syndicalists. The Spanish Communists always leaned heavily to the right and opposed the attempts of the genuinely revolutionary parties—the Anarchists and Syndicalists, the semi-Trotskyist POUM and the Caballero Socialists—to carry through a social revolution in the course of the war. Soviet intervention, so Dr. Borkenau argues, was always rather calculated to keep the war going than to bring victory to the Republicans—in any case the unfortunate Republic was compelled to pay for Soviet arms and technicians with the export of its gold reserves; and in the end Stalin decided that the Republic was expendable in the interests of his grand strategy. The right-wing policy of the Spanish Communists ought not, of course, to be taken as a sign of virtue in them. They were always the creatures of Soviet policy and were treacherous and brutal in their relations with their nominal allies.)

In early days the Comintern tried to win support for its policies by appealing to what were thought to be the potentially revolutionary passions of the masses. The social democrats were derided for their solidarity with the parliamentary régimes; and the Communists attempted—vainly for the most part—to split the social democratic parties and isolate their leadership. Dr. Borkenau argues that in the later period this policy, not altogether abandoned, is subordinated to a policy which above all attempts to make serious alliances with the real centres of power in the existing social order, this for the purpose of conquering these centres of power from within. He writes (of the *Front Populaire* period):

... the real tendency was to reach out ... to achieve contact with the forces of the right, the representatives of the real ruling classes, of army, bureaucracy, church and plutocracy. The whole history of the Popular Front is summed up in the presentation of this hierarchy. It started by contact with the left-wing socialists, developed rapidly into a bloc with the radicals, and at last the communists attempted to use it as an access to co-operation with the right; not, as one might expect, by leaning primarily on the forces

farthest to the left and extending more tenuous feelers farther to the right, but by casting aside each contact as soon as a contact farther to the right was established, and making a bloc, each time, with the force farther to the right against the force farther to the left. In this new attitude the transformation of the Soviet state during the first six years of Stalin's unchallenged rule was directly reflected.

This line has been pursued substantially unchanged since then. The tendency to compromise with the Nazis, which was a repellent feature of Communist policy from the Nazi-Soviet Pact until the changes in the situation in the Balkans in the spring of 1941, can be understood as a species of this generic policy. The intrigues of the French Communists with Giraud against de Gaulle and the use, in the embryonic stages of the Popular Democracies, of the liberal, peasant and Christian parties, plainly belong to the same policy. But the condition without which this policy of alliance and infiltration, no matter how skilfully conducted, would have failed was the presence in the wings of the stage of the Red Army and the Soviet security services. De Gaulle's outwitting of the French Communists provides Dr. Borkenau with a few amusing pages; and in Scandinavia and in Britain the shrewdness and solidarity of the labour movement kept the Communists far from the centres of power. So far as the West is concerned this policy was, like so many of Stalin's policies, just a little too clever. To expect that, shortly after the stay-in strikes, the French bourgeoisie would fling itself into the embrace of M. Thorez was clearly to expect a little too much. Dr. Borkenau rightly comments that

the Popular Front could have a favourable influence upon Russia's international situation only when it ceased to be a Popular Front and allowed the communists to brush aside their left-wing allies and to form a direct bloc with the right. In their typically oriental overrating of intrigue the Russian leaders believed . . . that such an aim was achievable. Yet events were to prove, and a more balanced view of human affairs would have taught in advance, that it was impossible to establish a bloc with the right by first rousing all the passions of Leftism, and that the whole conception was a wild idea.

'A wild idea'—this is the truth and it is encouraging. We are disposed to credit the Soviet leaders not only with Machiavellian duplicity but also with the pursuit of enormously effective policies. In the West their policies have failed. In the East the Chinese

Communists presented them with an unexpected and, we may conjecture, not altogether welcome victory—the Soviet contacts with Chiang Kai-Shek were broken very late and with obvious reluctance. In eastern Europe the Communist parties proved adepts at palace revolutions; but the real victory was owed to the power of the Soviet Union and not to the demagogy and intrigues of the Czech or Polish or Hungarian or Bulgarian or Rumanian Communists.

The main difficulty which faces everyone who writes on Communist and Soviet policy in recent years is the difficulty of weighing and interpreting the evidence available. This evidence falls into two classes. There are the public pronouncements: speeches by Stalin, articles in the Communist press, resolutions of party congresses, theoretical works; and 'revelations' by former Communists and refugees from the Soviet Union. The first class of evidence rarely points unmistakably to one out of a number of hypotheses. Dr. Borkenau, for instance, interprets the fluctuations in Communist policy after 1945—the foundation of the Cominform, the attack by Duclos on the American Communists, the project sponsored by Dimitrov of a Balkan federation, the quarrel with Tito—in terms of a conflict between a 'forward' and a 'conciliatory' group within the Russian Politburo, with Stalin typically inclining now to one side, now to the other. This may well be right; but the inner history of these events may have been quite different. The second class of evidence is often suspect. One may guess that Mr. Hyde's autobiography is a good deal more reliable than that of Mr. Budenz and that Krivitsky is to be preferred to Kravchenko. But we can never be sure, even when the writings of former Communists and of Soviet refugees are honest and accurate, that we are being presented with first-rate evidence. They are for the most part so far from the real centres of power that they are in precisely the same situation as the rest of us; they, too, have to resolve puzzles in the light of uncertain hypotheses. It is doubtful that we should know much more than we do now were Mr. Pollitt or Mr. Palme Dutt to write candid memoirs.

Dr. Borkenau's work, illuminating and suggestive as it is, fails to account for the social phenomenon of Communism in all its richness and many-sidedness. Intrigue, the tactics of infiltration, terrorism, the power of the Soviet State, demagogy, all these explain a number of features of the phenomenon. But if this were all, international Communism would long since have dwindled to

a negligible force. We still stumble against the paradox, emphasized in the quotations from Rosenberg given above, that a movement which, by its own canons—those of Marxism-Leninism—ought to be theoretically bankrupt and practically a failure is still a force in world politics and still appeals to natures that are by no means all ignoble. On this M. Monnerot has some things of value to say.

M. Monnerot jumps somewhat bewilderingly from sociological analysis, now in the manner of Durkheim, now in the manner of Pareto, to speculations about the structure and history of the human psyche which owe a good deal to Freud and Jung, and it is therefore often difficult to catch his precise meaning and to be sure that one has followed the thread of his argument. But his fundamental thesis seems to be that Communism is above all a secular religion. Secular, because—so far at least—its perspectives are this-worldly, and overtly the supernatural is rejected; a religion, because, despite the rejection of the supernatural, it places events, persons and ideas in the category of the sacred. He is surely right in suggesting that the religious or quasi-religious aspect of Communism can alone explain its extraordinary vitality, a vitality which preserves it in situations when one would be disposed to judge it merely silly and immoral. We have to account for the incredible but undoubted fact that the French Communist party, patriotic at the beginning of September 1939, defeatist at the end, in the first phase of the Occupation flirting with the Nazis and attacking the Gaullists more fiercely than the German masters of France or the Vichy Government, intriguing with Giraud in North Africa, responsible for a dreadful blood-letting during and immediately after the Liberation, brutal, treacherous, sycophantic to a degree towards the Soviet Government, still keeps the support of vast masses of Frenchmen who are neither knaves nor half-wits. Only a cause which appeals to deeper levels of the personality than the fully conscious can preserve its vitality through such vicissitudes. Jungian psychology has familiarized us with the notion that when the gods are banished from the conscious life of the individual and society, when science and technology are believed to hold, at least potentially, the solution of every problem that is genuinely a problem, then the gods return in strange and terrifying forms. National Socialism in Germany represents 'the return of the demons'. We may quarrel with this or that formulation of this point; Christians in particular

will wish to go far beyond the assertion that the divine is a part of the structure of the psyche; but that the gods do return seems abundantly confirmed by the apocalyptic events of recent years.

Communism, like National Socialism, plays upon certain archetypal themes. Both interpret the sequence of events in terms of scapegoats, though for the Communists the scapegoats are more various than they were for the Nazis. Again, the dualism of Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, stubborn matter and Promethean man, gives Communism at times an almost Manichaeian appearance. Again, human history is a drama of sin, suffering and redemption. There is the falling away from primitive Communism, the long and cruel subjection of humanity to class-society, the redemption of society through the most suffering class, the proletariat, in the course of a final struggle with the powers of darkness, and the restoration of all things in the utopia which will be established in the next aeon. It is to the power and charm of such myths and symbols as these that we must attribute the enduring vitality of Communism.

But a mythology is not just 'floated' on its inherent merits as a mythology. It has to be linked with forces already powerful in society. Here, M. Monnerot would suggest—and Dr. Borkenau would probably agree—that the speculations of Pareto and Sorel, the theory of *élites* and the theory of the social myth, are more illuminating than the theories of Marx and Engels. Lenin's view of party organization, above all as it is expressed in the most interesting and, in the long run, most influential of all his works, *What is to be Done?* presupposes a theory of the role of *élites* in modern society that is much closer to the theories of Pareto than it is to the naïf 'democratic' theory of Marx and Engels. Lenin never appreciated his own originality, as the pamphlet *State and Revolution* (written on the eve of the October Revolution), with its utopian sketch of the structure of the new society lying on the other side of the impending crisis, illustrates in so pathetic a way. He looks forward to a state in which order will be maintained and rough justice imposed by the armed people, in which the economic administration of society will be carried out with ease by those acquainted with double-entry book-keeping, and in which no official of the proletarian state will take a wage higher than that of a skilled workman. This makes ironical reading if we compare it with the Soviet Union of Stalin and Malenkov. But a revolutionary leader who trains a whole generation of disciplined *élites*,

flings them into the struggle for power and uses them to consolidate the resulting dictatorship, cannot be surprised if they enslave and exploit the masses whose convulsive struggles they have used to destroy the old order.

Both Dr. Borkenau and M. Monnerot wrote before the death of Stalin. It is plain that nothing can be quite the same again after this event. The death of Stalin has released new forces in Soviet society and has perhaps awakened cautiously sleeping forces. In what direction will the Soviet Union now travel? Is this the end of Bolshevism or are we to behold another mutation of the myth? Mr. Deutscher, whose life of Stalin is the standard work in English and whose book on Trotsky is awaited with interest, suggests answers of a tentative sort to these questions.¹

Briefly, Mr. Deutscher's argument is this. Stalinism, a 'blend of Marxism, autocracy, Greek orthodoxy, and primitive magic', was produced by the interaction between a revolution carried through under the leadership of Marxist theoreticians and a primitive, largely peasant society that had never known the Renaissance and the Reformation, and had only superficially been influenced by the Enlightenment. Here Mr. Deutscher's analysis resembles that of Trotsky; except that for Trotsky the isolation of the Russian Revolution was sealed by the mistaken—even criminal—international policy of Stalin, whereas for Mr. Deutscher this isolation was unavoidable and bred a tough well-knit society able to endure the severe crisis of the Second World War. By barbarous methods, physically brutal and culturally primitive, the Stalin régime successfully promoted an industrial revolution. The Soviet empire is now a country of large-scale industry and collectivized agriculture. In effecting this revolution Stalin had necessarily to employ education in the natural sciences and technology, in this way encouraging attitudes and habits of mind opposed to the primitive magic with which he strove to consolidate his political rule; and Marxism, the official ideology, is at bottom a solvent of the primitive and magical aspects of Stalinism. The Stalin régime was thus preparing its own destruction. 'The rulers themselves made an anachronism of the Stalin cult. They dragged the mind of Russia out of the epoch of the wooden plough and of primitive myth into the world of science and industry; and now they cannot expect it to feel at ease in the stuffy air of the Stalin cult and to accept uncritically its antics.'

¹ *Russia after Stalin*. By Isaac Deutscher. (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)

The death of Stalin has encouraged the hope that the uglier and sillier aspects of the régime may gradually be shed.

There are two long-term courses—Mr. Deutscher believes the Stalinist form of dictatorship may persist for a short time—before the régime. Either the rule of the Communist Party will be displaced by the rule of the Army (a ‘Bonapartist’ solution); or there will be a development of democracy, that is, free discussion and genuinely collective decisions at a variety of levels, within the framework of Communist Party rule. A military dictatorship will only become likely if the leadership of the Party is divided and incompetent and if there is a widespread collapse of social discipline.

Such, somewhat simplified and without the nuances which accompany it in the book, is Mr. Deutscher’s argument. It is impressively and cogently stated and there may be a good deal in it. But it has certain weaknesses.

In the first place, is it axiomatic, as Mr. Deutscher seems to suggest, that education in natural science and technology, and familiarity with the theory of Marxism, are prophylactics against irrationalism? No people in the world was more highly educated in these respects than the Germans; but this did not guard them from the enchantments of National Socialism. Among the members of the German intelligentsia the theologians were on the whole shrewder than physicists or doctors or engineers. Mr. Deutscher at times gives the impression that he still lives in the nineteenth century. He seems unaware of ‘the return of the demons’ and does not see that it is at least plausible to suppose that there is a connexion between an over-rationalistic education and the eruption of dark forces in the human soul. And Marxism, far from being the solvent of superstition Mr. Deutscher supposes it to be, is itself, at least as Leninism, a form of irrationalism and admirably adapted to fuse with the dark forces.

Again, Mr. Deutscher discusses the tensions within Soviet society too exclusively in terms of the Party, the Police and the Army. Certainly the possibility of conflict between these institutions is of vast importance. But each one of these institutions can only strengthen itself relatively to the others by drawing power from other forces in Soviet society: the managerial classes, the industrial workers, the stubborn peasantry, the sullen and—in some cases—half-mutinous non-Russian peoples. Any relaxation in the dictatorship must benefit or injure one or other of these

powerful forces. An increase of freedom all round would surely disintegrate the régime and, as Mr. Deutscher suggests, the beginning of disintegration would certainly provoke intervention by the generals. But it is quite conceivable that the managerial class should be given, as well as the privileges its members enjoyed even under Stalin, security from political and police interference; and that there should be a partial return to NEP in the countryside. Such concessions would in the end modify the régime in ways hard to foresee at present.

Mr. Deutscher's hopes that we shall witness a 'democratic regeneration' of the régime and a new synthesis of liberty and socialism strike me as extravagant. Magnificence and squalor, harsh despotism and individual eccentricity, asceticism and licence, buffoonery and melancholy, these have been the marks of Russian society and of the Russian character since the reforms of Peter. There is no evidence that in these respects Russia has been changed fundamentally by the Stalin régime. Propaganda for 'Soviet man'—a kind of nineteenth-century model working man, with a slide-rule in one pocket and selections from the works of Stalin in the other, fervently patriotic and meticulously obedient, clean, sober and punctual, a faithful husband and a conscientious parent—shows by its very stridency how far removed the actual citizen is from the official stereotype. When the magnificently human Russian people gain some measure of freedom from their present tyranny we may surely hope for something better than a kind of gelded socialist régime nourished by the thin gruel of positivism.

Military dictatorship or socialist democracy, a prolongation of the Stalinist dictatorship or some fourth course not as yet to be foreseen: whatever the future of Russia, there seems small prospect of European Communism outside the Soviet Union and the satellites rehabilitating itself politically, though it may persist as a quasi-religion of the frustrated. The prospect in Asia is different. The Chinese Revolution, unlike the Russian Revolution, has not yet squandered all its moral capital. Bolshevism is dead: Maoism is most uncomfortably alive and is a thousand times more formidable than the Communism of the Third International ever was.

THE CRITIC AND THE AGE

Some Observations on The Social Criticism of Matthew Arnold and T. S. Eliot

By IAN GREGOR

I

MATTHEW ARNOLD and T. S. Eliot suggest comparison not only because of their decisive influence on the critical opinion of their time, but also in their unusual self-awareness of the function they felt themselves called upon to perform. Eliot in a characteristic essay on Arnold remarks, 'From time to time, every hundred years or so, it is desirable that some critic shall appear to review the past of our literature and set the poets and poems in a new order'.¹ In this judicial tone Eliot goes on to declare that Arnold was such a critic; that he himself is one also, no one aware of the nature of contemporary literature would deny. Uniquely and economically, Arnold and Eliot sum up in their respective writings the fine point in the literary consciousness of their age, and to consider them in juxtaposition is to consider something of the change in mental climate that has taken place in the gap that separates our age from the Victorian. The invitation to consider them in this way has, however, its dangers, in that it can propose a field of enquiry too large for profitable cultivation in a brief paper; consequently, I have narrowed the area of discussion to *Culture and Anarchy* and *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture*, the two books in which Arnold and Eliot declare most obviously their relationship with their age, and declare it in terms which permit legitimate comparison.

II

Self-consciousness is a noticeable characteristic of Matthew Arnold's work, whether he is regarded as poet, literary critic, sociologist or theologian, and it is none the less so for being accom-

¹ *The Use of Poetry and The Use of Criticism*, p. 108 (London, 1933).

panied by an intense admiration for the virtues of impersonality and disinterestedness. Throughout his letters and notebooks there prevails a quite unusual sense of purpose, a continual self-criticism and power of resolution. 'I must finish off for the present my critical writing,' he writes to his mother, 'between this [thirty-eight] and forty and give the next ten years to poetry. It is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one's life for poetry, if one resolutely uses it, but it is a time in which if one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether.'¹ Such a comment is typical of his letters and it suggests something of the seriousness with which he undertook his lifelong work as an inspector of schools. Attending to the country's educational needs not only gave him opportunities for first-hand social observations, rare among the major Victorian writers, but made him peculiarly aware of 'intelligence' in a way that was wider than the psychologist's and narrower than the philosopher's. It was his interest in comparative education that fostered in him that predilection for comparing 'the intelligence' of one country with another. Certainly, it was the Education Commission of 1865, in which he was to study secondary education in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, that directly precipitated his first extended essay in social criticism, 'My Countryman', which appeared in the *Cornhill* in February 1866. The essay, an elaborate comparison between the social and political health of this country and that of the Continent, is worth glancing at because it exhibits in a striking way a mode of argument which is essential to Arnold's purpose as a social critic.

The essay is cast, generally speaking, in the form of a conversation in which Arnold appears as the surprised and harassed defender of English culture against the prevalent continental opinion that, as a political power, England had become 'a second Holland'. The dramatization is made to serve Arnold's technique of persuasion so that he can make the most lethal criticism without disturbing that air of urbanity and modesty with which he seeks to recommend himself to the reader. That 'air' is essential to Arnold because he is not only trying to convey certain ideas, but to demonstrate a temper of mind which is a prerequisite of holding those ideas.² This double purpose has the curious effect of some

¹ *Letters*, I, p. 142.

² For an excellent discussion of this aspect of Arnold's writing see John Holloway, *The Victorian Sage* (London, 1953).

critics, such as J. M. Robertson, being able to riddle Arnold's argument with logical objections, and yet when the necessary demolition has been accomplished, the work seems unaffected in value. 'Tone', in modern literary-critical terminology, is in Arnold almost as important as 'sense'; the meaning, one might say, is regulated by the tone. How true this is, can be clearly seen by reading a paraphrase of an Arnold argument.

It would be seriously misleading, however, to over-emphasize this point and see in *Culture and Anarchy* nothing more than a tone of voice or a temper of mind. The book, it cannot be too often insisted, was for the most part a journalistic enterprise and fashioned in polemic. The first chapter was Arnold's valedictory lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and it was printed unaltered, a few weeks after it was delivered, in the *Cornhill* (July 1867). There was then an interval of some months during which Fitzjames Stephen, Henry Sidgwick and Frederic Harrison wrote articles of more or less trenchant commentary. Arnold saw that the criticisms were of such a kind that he was committed to a detailed and comprehensive statement of what he understood by 'culture', and in January 1868 he began in the *Cornhill* a series of five articles which appeared at monthly intervals. At the beginning of 1869 they were published in book form, together with the valedictory lecture and a substantial preface, under the title *Culture and Anarchy*. I have given this brief, bibliographical account because it shows to what degree Arnold's book was bedded in the journalism of the day, and consequently is indicative of its general quality and the standards of the public to which it appealed.

In spite of the episodic nature of its composition Arnold's argument in *Culture and Anarchy* is thoughtfully organized, moving as it does from the external symptoms of England's disease to the interior cause. Briefly, Arnold's theme is a triple one. There is, in the first place, the contemporary obsession with 'machinery'. Arnold uses the word in the same sense as Carlyle, as implying the worship of means as opposed to ends, or, shifting the ground slightly, the worship of the letter as opposed to the spirit. He finds the worship exemplified in the uncritical genuflexion before the idea of Freedom no less than in the more obvious one before industrial progress and population statistics. 'Culture . . . consists in *becoming* something rather than in *having* something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances.'¹

¹ *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 48 (all references are to Dover Wilson's edition).

Accompanying the worship of the object for its own sake, goes the creed of individualism, of doing as one likes, whether it is rioting in Hyde Park, advocating Free Trade, encouraging the schools of Licensed Victuallers, or marrying one's deceased wife's sister. With all authority conceived of as repression, freedom becomes a synonym for anarchy. The rejection of authority extends easily from the political and social spheres to the religious, the glare of the Inner Light successfully prevents that disinterested self-criticism which must be the prerequisite of all right action. To an England heavy with moral and political self-congratulation, Arnold offered the precept 'to think a little more and bustle a little less'. Culture and Anarchy—an odd bracketing for modern ears—had for Arnold the force of culture *or* anarchy.

Arnold's thesis was not favourably received; of his general policy of detachment Frederic Harrison remarked it was that of 'a well-preserved Ariel tripping from flower to flower', and Henry Sidgwick pictured him 'shuddering aloof from the rank exhalations of vulgar enthusiasm, holding up the pouncet-box of culture betwixt the wind and his nobility'. But both critics failed to do justice to the practical proposals with which Arnold sought to give edge and drive to his concept of culture. If he insisted on the virtue of detachment, it was not because of an indifference to social activity, but because such activity, to have meaning, must be aware of an ultimate aim. 'Culture is not merely the endeavour to *see* and *learn* this (the will of God), but the endeavour to make it *prevail*. . . .'¹ The recognition of action is there. It is in his social work considered as a whole and in his education reports that the general proposals recommended in *Culture and Anarchy* are implemented. There is no lack of positive statements—the reform of secondary school education, the development of the municipal system, a greater equality in landed property, the reorganization of the National Church. Particularly with regard to education, his general concern is reinforced by a wealth of documentation. By 1870 his work as a social critic was substantially completed, and in the following year Fitzjames Stephen remarked that 'he already stood in the ranks of the played out'. Time has not endorsed Stephen's verdict, and in fact there are few Victorian prose documents which have been found more congenial to our time than *Culture and Anarchy*, even if, as Eliot remarks, we read not as

¹ Ibid., p. 46.

disciples but 'for refreshment and the companionship of a kindred point of view'.¹

III

Arnold, looking at the world of T. S. Eliot, would have seen the realization of some of his most cherished ambitions, and yet Eliot looking at that world conveys in his *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture* a mood of depression quite alien to anything in *Culture and Anarchy*. That mood suitably registers the extent of the gulf that separates us from even the most 'kindred' Victorians.

From the time when Eliot published *The Sacred Wood* in 1920, his literary interests were shown to be inseparable from his cultural; the two interacted and gave meaning to one another. It was not, however, until 1948 that he produced an extended statement of his cultural views, a statement which had behind it the weight of his literary essays and such a theological excursion as *The Idea of a Christian Society* (1939). The argument of *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture* is difficult to summarize, because, as the title indicates, it is a fragmentary book and can with equal relevance be considered from theological and educational points of view as well as sociological. Consequently, in outlining the 'theme' of the book, I have had to omit aspects which must seriously qualify, if they do not alter, Eliot's argument.

Unlike Arnold, Eliot is not concerned with urging the self-cultivation of the individual, but rather with defining those general social conditions which must exist if a healthy culture is to emerge. He begins by disentangling three senses in which the word 'culture' is used: the first being proper to the vocabulary of the *agri-culturalist* or biologist; the second to that of the educationalist; the third to that of the anthropologist. For Eliot, the senses interlock, in that the culture of the individual is dependent upon that of the group, and that of the group upon society in general. Transposed into political terms this becomes 'a people should be neither too united nor too divided, if its culture is to flourish . . . neither a classless society nor a society of strict and impenetrable social barriers is good; each class should have constant additions and defections; the classes while remaining distinct should be able to mix freely; and they should all have a com-

¹ *Selected Essays*, p. 394 (London, 1932).

munity of culture with each other which will give them something in common more fundamental than the community has with its counterpart in another society'.¹ If, however, we should think of this 'community of culture' too abstractedly, then (we are reminded) if any definite conclusions emerge from this study, one of them is surely this, that culture is the one thing we cannot deliberately aim at,² because 'culture can never be wholly conscious . . . it cannot be planned because it is the unconscious background to our planning',³ it is not merely 'the sum of several activities, but a way of life'.⁴ It is these ideas that provide the main scaffolding for Eliot's thesis, and contain the political, religious and educational ramifications.

The stress of the argument may be said to fall on the social group rather than the individual, on the unconscious habit rather than the consciously acquired. It is a stress particularly apparent in the chapter of education where Eliot remarks, 'the more education arrogates to itself the responsibility, the more systematically will it betray culture'.⁵ One almost discerns here the outlines of a veiled antithesis. Not the school, he insists, but the family is the prime transmitter of culture, and if his development of the remark is vague, it nevertheless indicates an attitude salutary in the extreme to an age for whom the school has become an alternative home. Nevertheless, the salutariness of Eliot's educational views should not prevent us from seeing how continual is his stress on unconscious development, until 'consciousness' becomes almost equated with 'artificiality'. A consequence is that his argument is peculiarly barren of constructive proposals, it seems, one might say, to inculcate an attitude inherently inimical to practical measures. To make the point in another way—it would be possible to find a cultural formulation much less congenial in political and pedagogic implication than Eliot's, and yet to be obliged to recognize in that formulation a feeling for a particular situation and a possibility of transference into practical terms, which is strangely absent from Eliot. Tawney's *Equality* would provide an impressive example.⁶

¹ *Notes*, p. 50.

² *Ibid.*, p. 19.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 107.

⁶ Cf. 'A common culture cannot be created merely by desiring it. It must rest upon practical foundations of social organization. It is incompatible with the existence of sharp contrasts between the economic standards and educational opportunities of different classes, for such contrasts have as their result, not a common culture, but servility or resentment, on the one hand, and patronage or arrogance, on the other. It involves . . . a large measure of economic equality . . . equality of environment . . . access to education. . . .' *Equality*, p. 17 (London, 1938).

Earlier I remarked that Eliot's *Notes* conveyed a peculiar mood of depression, and it is a mood which seems to arise from the *kind* of detachment that is present in the book. The preservation of disinterestedness, the ability 'to see life and see it whole', is too rare a quality not to admire it unreservedly when it occurs, and undoubtedly the *Notes* are the product of an unusually disinterested mind, but the poise is not always maintained. Quoting the following passage from Eliot, 'It is only fair to add that when it comes to talking nonsense about culture, there is nothing to choose between politicians of one stripe or another. Had the election of 1945 brought the alternative party into power, we should have heard much the same pronouncements in the same circumstances. The pursuit of politics is incompatible with a strict attention to exact meanings on all occasions,'¹ Mr. L. A. Cormican observes, "'Talking nonsense about culture" is very self-assured for a writer who gives his book so tentative a title. . . . "Politicians of one stripe or another", and "alternative party" are a weak, patronizing way of saying: "A plague o' both your houses"; they imply some sort of understanding nod to the reader, flattering his intellectual snobbery, and indicating, "Of course you and I are above the dirty business of politics."'² The comment seems just and the example is not unique; it reveals disinterestedness changing into aloofness.

Eliot's preoccupation with defining the conditions without which a higher culture cannot exist reveals a certain indifference to the individual, indeed the very self-awareness of the social condition (an awareness which can only be individual) is debilitating because we are constantly reminded that 'culture cannot be planned, because it is the unconscious background of our planning'. The reaction against self-conscious humanism and the idea of progress seems to have gone too far. The absence of remedial proposals, the oblique but persistent denigration of self-endeavour, the constant stress on the value of the unconscious habit, do, when taken together, give the impression of a social quietism which seems to have affinities with certain 'recommendations' in the explicitly religious concern of *The Cocktail Party*. Reilly describes to Celia 'the human condition', as consisting of people who

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

² *Scrutiny*, Vol. XVII, No. 1, p. 5. I would like to acknowledge a general indebtedness to Mr. Cormican's article, and also to Mr. G. H. Bantock's (*Scrutiny*, Vol. XVI, No. 1), which, taken together, constitute the most telling criticism I have read of the *Notes*.

Maintain themselves by the common routine,
Learn to avoid excessive expectation,
Become tolerant of themselves and others . . .
Are contented with the morning that separates
And with the evening that brings together
For casual talk before the fire
Two people who know they do not understand each other,
Breeding children whom they do not understand
And who will never understand them.

CELIA: Is that the best life?

REILLY: It is a good life.¹

There we find in the 'do not understand' allied with the 'contentment', and the carefully dehumanized 'breeding', the same depreciation of consciousness, of specifically human awareness, all the more sinister in that it promotes a complacency moving under the guise of humility. These last works of Eliot seem to embody the obverse of the Faustian urge where comfort, if not positive delight, is derived from human insignificance amounting almost to impotence. By concluding a brief analysis of the *Notes* with a reference to *The Cocktail Party*, I would suggest that the implications of the former are dubious in a way which extends far beyond the sociological.

IV

Arnold's *Culture* survives better than his *Conduct*, because it can better survive vagueness of definition. . . . *Culture* has three aspects according as we look at it in *Culture and Anarchy*, *Essays in Criticism*, or in the abstract. It is in the first of these two books that *Culture* shows to the best advantage. And the reason is clear: *Culture* there stands out against a background to which it is contrasted, a background of definite items of ignorance, vulgarity and prejudice. As an invective against the crudities of the industrialism of his time, the book is perfect of its kind.²

Although the final sentence rather stringently circumscribes Arnold's purpose, there is an essential justice about Eliot's appraisal of *Culture and Anarchy*. In underlining the vagueness of the key term, Eliot draws attention to the factor that has disturbed a great majority of critics. There are two considerations to take into account. There is the particular type of mind that Arnold

¹ *The Cocktail Party*, pp. 123-4.

² *Selected Essays*, p. 394.

brought to his work; an informed, general intelligence focusing on problems which were increasingly becoming the property of the specialist. For Arnold, intuitive thinking, 'bright ideas' as J. M. Robertson called them, are largely made to do the work of specific intellectual disciplines, persuasive argument taking the place of documentation. Undoubtedly, this constituted an essential strength, in making possible the occupation of that pivotal position which gives Arnold's criticism its particular poise. Had he been more of a theologian, or a sociologist, or a practical politician, it is unlikely that *Culture and Anarchy* would have survived any more than, say, *Literature and Dogma*. Of course, it is possible to go further and say that it is precisely because Arnold was *not* a specialist, that he ever undertook social criticism at all.

The second consideration that ought to be borne in mind when discussing Arnold's vagueness of terminology is, in some ways, more important and more neglected than the first. To watch F. H. Bradley at work on Arnold's language is a pleasure, but when the baiting and the execution is over, all that has been demonstrated is Bradley's superiority as a philosopher and his inferiority as a literary critic. Bradley ignores the fact that when Arnold engaged in social criticism *he assumed a reading-public* for whom such phrases as 'Will of God', 'the Best Self' and 'right reason' were still sufficiently charged with meaning to carry the weight of his argument. The fact that such 'meaning' might not have been able to be recorded in precise philosophic definition, should not be taken as evidence of its unreality. In the *Cornhill* Arnold was addressing a general public,¹ and in spite of encroaching philistinism, he had a real community with them. This is not to suggest that the England of the 1860's was in any way 'an age of faith'; indeed, G. M. Young reminds us that this decade 'was less concerned to know whether Newman's faith was the right one, than to know whether in the modern world, there was room for faith at all',² but the religious preoccupation was essentially present, and no one familiar with the work of such declared agnostics as T. H. Huxley and Leslie Stephen could doubt its intensity.

Few Victorians showed themselves more aware of the contemporary *malaise* than Arnold, with 'its sick hurry and divided aims', but there is in him an accompanying sense of human possibilities,

¹ How 'general' might be judged from the magazine's first commandment, 'Thou shalt not shock a young lady.'

² *Portrait of an Age* (London, 1936), chap. XI.

a profound belief that the good was ultimately bound to triumph in the world, because it was in its nature and 'all things have a law of their being and tend to fulfil it'.¹ It was a basic assumption, quietly held, providing a citadel from which he went out to engage the Philistines; in Arnold's social analysis there is a complete absence of a Swiftian element. It is important in describing the atmosphere of the mid-Victorian decades to realize both its variety and complexity. It is hard to resist the simplifying picture; of calling that gallery 'Victorian' which has 'The Great Exhibition of 1851' hung on one wall, a group of Stracheyan portraits on another, a selection of quotations from Mill's *Liberty* hung over the doorway, 'The Scholar Gypsy' as brochure (elaborately illustrative of 'the mood of doubt'), and the general atmosphere pervasive of 'sweetness and light'. Too often such a gallery is taken as a composite portrait of the Victorian age, rather it is a transparent cartoon through which we see the blurred outline of the Victorian reading public. And to blur *that* outline is to blur the meaning of the books which it read. In summary, one might say of the public that read *Culture and Anarchy*, that it was positively concerned with religion, reasonably homogeneous in its recognition of serious literary standards, and though open to being castigated as Philistine, talked and understood the language of the castigator.

By the end of the First World War the public that Arnold knew could be fairly said to have disappeared. Why this should be so is extremely complex, and everyone will suggest a varying list of contributory factors.

Presumably, however, there would be agreement as to the following—the *fact* of the war, its brutality, the subsequent destitution; a change amounting to a revolution in the education system; the rise of the popular newspaper and the accompanying rise of the 'best seller'; the complete shift in political power both in this country and in Europe; the steadily declining public influence of the Protestant churches.

It is fitting that such a world should be first imaginatively portrayed in a poem entitled *The Waste Land*. Eliot concludes his poem with this line:

'These fragments I have shored against my ruins'

and it is a line which will serve as an epigraph to post-1918 literature. 'These fragments' . . . 'my ruins', the partial vision of the

¹ *Literature and Dogma*, p. 42.

artist, his inner confusion, and most of all his 'uprootedness' from a living culture, from a responsive reading public—the line is pregnant with those too familiar characteristics of contemporary writing. Disintegration, and an unparalleled stratification of taste, the serious artist finding himself remote from general appraisal, literary criticism a by-product of commercial interests, genuine work turning into eccentricity and receiving the endorsement of coterie worship—the account is none the less valid for its frequent repetition. In a sense, Eliot's *Notes* are the sociological transposition of 'the notes' in *The Waste Land*, but whereas the prevailing cultural conditions helped to give the poem its extraordinary immediacy and economy, they induced into the treatise a lassitude tapering into indifference. And for cause, we might reasonably point to the effect of writing during 'the years between'. If Arnold's public could be said to have completed the meaning of his cultural statement, Eliot's seems not irresponsible for the equivocations and fragmentary nature of his.¹

This analysis records primarily the awareness that Arnold and Eliot have had of their age; it is an awareness of a kind which enables us to see it in sharp focus. The quality of their respective minds ensures the value of the focus. Now that the humanism which gave *Culture and Anarchy* its distinction is no longer possible, the weakness of the *Notes* seems, in the last analysis, to be, not that the basis is Christian, but that the Christianity is insufficiently charged to make an impact on an age for whom 'Anarchy' has become an alternative in a way unknown to Arnold.

¹ The observation seems to me unaffected by Eliot's 'popularity' as a playwright. It is a pleasant irony that few have contributed more to the cultural success of the Edinburgh Festival than Eliot; but no more rigorous criticism of the culture purveyed there, could be found, than is implied in the *Notes*.

THE NEW CATHOLIC COMMENTARY

By EDWARD P. ARBEZ

THE *Catholic Commentary on Holy Scripture*, published by Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd. (London and New York, at £4 4s.) is a stately volume of xvi-1312 pages, 26 + 18 + 5 centimetres.

The new work takes its place alongside of similar non-Catholic publications some of which have met with considerable success: *A Commentary on the Bible*, edited by A. S. Peake, with the assistance for the New Testament of A. J. Grieve (London, 1920); *A New Commentary on Holy Scripture including the Apocrypha*, edited by Charles Gore, H. L. Goudge and Alf. Guillaume (Macmillan, 1928); the *Abingdon Bible Commentary*, edited by F. C. Eiselen, Edwin Lewis, D. G. Downing (Nashville, New York, 1929); the *Old Testament Commentary*, edited by H. C. Alleman and Elmer C. Flack (Philadelphia, 1948), with its companion volume: *New Testament Commentary*, edited by H. C. Alleman (Philadelphia, 1936 and 1944); and most recently the work of W. L. Clarke: *A Concise Bible Commentary* (1953) (which includes the Apocrypha). It may be said at once without meaning to belittle the merits of the other publications that the *Catholic Commentary* will not suffer from a comparison with its predecessors: its presentation is superior, it offers a greater variety of subjects, the explanation of the text is fuller, it pays more attention to theological questions, and it is due to the collaboration of a larger number of authors; forty-three contributors are mentioned—Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, Redemptorists and members of the secular clergy. The majority are from Great Britain and the Commonwealth—Australia, Canada, Malta; Ireland also is represented by seven contributors; Austria and Germany by one author each and the United States by two.

The commentary is 'the result of nine years' work' by a group of scholars (p. vii) who have carried out the plan first studied at the 1942 meeting of the Catholic Biblical Association at Cam-

bridge and organized in a practical form at the end of 1943. May I note in passing that the Catholic Biblical Association of America also had from the first contemplated the publication of a similar commentary. However, it was considered more urgent to have first a new text on which the commentary would be based. The New Testament commentary was published in 1942 to accompany the new text translated from the Vulgate but to be superseded later by a translation from the Greek. The projected translation of the Old Testament went through different phases on account of changes in principles until finally it was decided to go back to the original languages and to make an altogether new version according to the requirements of textual criticism. Hence delays in the production of the new text and corresponding delays in the preparation of the commentary. Our English confrères followed a different course. Without waiting for a new text they undertook at once the task of producing the commentary. Hence they should be able to bring out their new version without great delay, if this is part of their project, as the contributors to the commentary must have done considerable work on the text. In any case, it was an excellent idea to publish the commentary, which will fill a gap in English theological literature (p. vii). For while Catholics of other countries—Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy—have not only new versions, but also commentaries in their respective languages, English-speaking Catholics had only a few commentaries on some books. It was good therefore to undertake a commentary which would make available at once the main results of international scholarship and might become a stimulus to the study of the Bible among Catholics.

It is to Catholics especially that this new work will appeal in the first place, but a wider circle of readers is envisaged. There are many outside the Catholic Church who share the common Christian tradition and look upon the Bible as the word of God and a source of spiritual, religious guidance. To such as well as to Catholics, a commentary like the one now offered by our English brethren should be most welcome. It should be welcome also to all—whatever views they may hold—who wish to obtain in a convenient form first-hand acquaintance with Catholic teaching and opinions. It would contribute greatly to better understanding if non-Catholic scholars could have recourse to this presentation of Catholic views and with its help tried to see the Catholic point of view as understood by Catholics.

We are reminded that while there are definite points of doctrine which bind the Catholic scholar and determine his attitude on a number of problems, yet 'there is no "official" view on any but a minute handful of biblical texts and there is ample room for diversity of interpretation within the bounds of orthodoxy' (p. vii). Indeed the user of this commentary will see often enough that the contributors differ more or less extensively: we shall come across several examples further on. This does not mean of course that the Catholic scholar's path always runs smoothly. Professor J. Coppens, who has done us a great service in publishing recently from MS. notes Van Hoonacker's Latin course on the Pentateuch, has a note in his valuable Flemish introduction in which he refers to something like a reign of terror in the early part of the century. There have always been some who are ready to suspect errors. Frs. R. A. Dyson, S.J., and R. A. F. Mackenzie, S.J., in their fine article on 'Higher Criticism with special reference to the Old Testament' relate (§ 46, e-f) an incident—little noticed at the time outside Italy—which took place in 1941. An anonymous Italian pamphlet entitled 'A great danger to the Church and to Souls' was circulated to the cardinals in Curia and to members of the Italian hierarchy. It was a radical condemnation of the scientific study of the Bible as 'rationalism, naturalism, modernism, scepticism and atheism' and the scientific spirit was denounced as 'a spirit of pride, of presumption, of shallowness'. The study of oriental languages, textual criticism, correcting the Vulgate were needless, a show of learning, and implied disrespect for the sacred text. The biblical text—the Vulgate exclusively—was to be interpreted according to a new method, a meditative, allegorical exegesis abstracting from the literal sense as pedantic exegesis. The Biblical Commission condemned the pamphlet at once (1941). But far more significantly, the Encyclical *Divino afflante Spiritu* (30 Sept. 1943) fully endorsed the Biblical Commission's vigorous rejection of the obscurantist thesis of the pamphlet and officially stated the Catholic position in the clearest possible terms. It was the Magna Charta of Catholic Biblical study: it marked the end of the Modernist crisis and consecrated the renaissance of Catholic work which had been going on for some time already: it proved that those scholars had not run in vain (cf. the list given § 46, c).¹ That the atmosphere has changed, is proved most defi-

¹ On the pamphlet referred to above, see Juan Prado in *Sefarad* (Madrid-Barcelona), 13 (1953), pp. 134-41.

nately by the attitude taken now towards the question of the literary forms or genres, to which the new commentary reverts repeatedly. Fr. von Hummelauer, S.J., had at least the merit of calling attention to the problem with his ill-fated *Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage* (1904). His solution could be regarded as a mere subterfuge invented to avoid difficulties. Hence his theory 'had a lukewarm reception in official circles' (§ 46, h). We may discern an echo of that distrust in Benedict XV's Encyclical *Spiritus Paraclitus* (1920) where (§ 39) according to Fr. J. H. Crehan, S.J. (Inspiration and Inerrancy of the Bible) 'Benedict XV spoke somewhat severely of scholars who too readily had recourse to literary genres incompatible with the full truth of the word of God' (§ 38, a). Or, as stated more mildly by Fr. D. J. Leahy (Literary Characteristics of the Bible), 'the principle of literary forms was accepted almost explicitly, but again with warnings against abuses, interpreters who too lightly adopt the hypothesis of implicit quotations, or of narrative historical in appearance only or who would use literary forms which compromise the truth of the Bible' (§ 32, j). Evidently the directives of *Divino afflante Spiritu* may not be construed as a rejection of the cautions of *Spiritus Paraclitus*. Nevertheless there is a difference in attitude. Pius XII no longer needing to check the vagaries of Catholic scholars encourages the study of literary forms on the basis of a careful study of ancient oriental literatures, which will enable the interpreter to go back in spirit to the literary, psychological and historical background of the Ancient Orient, thus to the milieu in which the biblical authors lived and thought and wrote (cf. §§ 38, a; 45, j-1; 46, h-i).

The new commentary quite definitely bases itself on the directions of the Encyclical *Divino afflante Spiritu* and the letter to Cardinal Suhard (1948) (see § 53, h-m).¹ Hence the numerous references to these documents in the different parts of the work which prove the great indebtedness of the commentary to the Encyclical.

¹ In the English translation of the Letter, we read (§ 53, k) on the question of the Pentateuch: 'We invite Catholic scholars to study these problems with an open mind in the light of sane criticism and of the results of other sciences which have their part in these matters and such study will *without doubt* establish the large share and the profound influence of Moses as author and as legislator.' Again in § 135, k we read: (the letter) 'declares that balanced criticism and the results of allied sciences will establish *beyond doubt* the large part and profound influence of Moses'. Maybe this will happen, but the French original '*établira sans doute*' is not so definite and absolute as their translation makes it. The phrase means rather *doubtless, no doubt, to be sure*, etc. There is a nuance which should not be ignored. Cf. *Guide to the Bible* (Desclée, 1951, Vol. I, p. 526, note): this is the English edition by E. P. Arbez and M. R. P. McGuire (Catholic University of America) of *Initiation Biblique* (A. Robert and A. Tricot).

This is what we expect in a work which states so clearly its Catholic standpoint (cf. the Foreword by Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, and the Preface of the Editorial Committee). Possibly a non-Catholic will feel somewhat uneasy lest this character of the work vitiates its scientific value: he may fear that the conclusions are dictated by the authority. To dispel all misgivings there can be nothing like actual use and study of the *Commentary*, and especially of the article 'Place of the Bible in the Church' by Fr. W. Leonard and Dom B. Orchard (§ 1-10).

It will be realized very soon that, as said before, the Church has settled the interpretation of only a small number of texts, and that Catholic scholars may differ rather widely in their views within the bounds of orthodoxy (cf. p. vii and § 9, h.) Above all, throughout the volume the reader will see that the authors are fair and objective, and that there is no Catholic Iron Curtain. He will find, repeatedly, generous recognition of non-Catholic contributions to the biblical sciences; see for instance the section on 'Achievement of non-Catholic scholarship' (§ 6, h), or the paragraph on 'American Leadership in Old Testament studies', with its deserved tribute to the brilliant work done in biblical archaeology by W. F. Albright and his pupils (§ 45, i). True, the Catholic scholar does not approach the Bible as a *tabula rasa*—no more than any Christian scholar or any scholar at all; one does not have to go very far in reading the history of biblical criticism to realize that Radical critics are far from unprejudiced, *voraussetzungslos*: see for instance Fr. E. C. Messenger's study of the 'Miraculous Element in the Bible' (§§ 87-91), the remarks of Frs. Dyson and R. A. F. Mackenzie on Wellhausen's theories in their account of the 'Higher Criticism of the Bible' (§ 44, b-g), Fr. Gutwenger's 'The Gospels and Non-Catholic Higher Criticism' (§§ 604-609), and Dom A. Graham's 'Person and Teaching of Our Lord Jesus Christ' (§§ 616, b-617, b). What is expected, is that we come to our subject with objective minds, anxious to discover and to understand the facts and to be guided by the facts, in the conviction that truth cannot contradict truth. This the Catholic scholar can do as well as any other scholar, and we think that the writers who have contributed to this Commentary have accomplished their task quite objectively, even where their interpretation of the facts in some cases is not the one that would be acceptable to other scholars, Catholic as well as non-Catholic. Thus Fr. E. Power presents very clearly and accurately the facts of the book of *Isaias*.

Isaias I (cc. i-xxxix) is addressed to the prophet's contemporaries, both Jews and Gentiles (c. 736-700 B.C.), with the exception of some prophecies of which it is doubtful whether they were addressed to the contemporaries of *Isaias* (cc. xiii, 1-14, 23; xxi, 1-10; xxxiv, 1-xxxv, 10).

In *Isaias II* (cc. xl-lv) we pass from Palestine to Babylonia and from the eighth century B.C. to the last decade of the Babylonian captivity. The 'career of Cyrus the Great, Yahweh's instrument in the liberation of his people, is the historical background of the prophecies'. In this part, the four poems on the Servant of Yahweh 'are a subsequent addition composed apparently by the author but inserted by a redactor'. *Isaias III* (cc. lvi-lxvi) supposes a new situation, 'that of the returned exiles in the dark period of the early Restoration' (537-520 B.C.), when 'their chief preoccupation is the struggle for existence in a small and devastated region encircled by hostile peoples' (§§ 419, e-420, f). What conclusions does the author draw regarding the origin of the book? His treatment of the question is disappointingly brief (§ 421, a-b): the tradition is in favour of the unity of authorship; 'the argument from differences in language, style and subject matter is strong but, according to a reply of the Biblical Commission, does not establish diversity of authorship'. The unique acquaintance and exclusive preoccupation with the exilic and early post-exilic periods is 'a more cogent argument'. But *Isaias* 'unlike other prophets may have received a special charism by virtue of which he lived in spirit in these periods. While arguments to the contrary are indecisive, it is imprudent to deny their possibility.' That this is not the only possible Catholic attitude is a well-known fact: it will suffice to refer to the edition of *Isaias* by Frs. Auvray and Steinmann in the *Bible de Jérusalem*; cf. also *Guide to the Bible*, I, pp. 137-41 and the references there. In any case we find here an open mind: the writer does not try to minimize the evidence from the texts. His interpretation of the evidence may be considered too hesitant and not satisfactory, but at least it is presented in a moderate tone and without any suggestion that a Catholic has no other choice.

We find the same open-mindedness in the discussion of the literary character of *Tobias* by Fr. De Vine, C.S.S.R. (§ 301). His review of the history of the interpretation of the book shows that our problem was not really envisaged by the ancient writers; hence we may not appeal to the tradition to prove that 'the book must be considered strict history in every detail' (§ 301, d). The author's

intention is obviously 'to give a real historical setting to his story', so that 'at least the substantial framework is historical'. At the same time 'the story is related with perceptible artistry and to inculcate a moral' and therefore 'its didactic purpose must be considered the principal intention of the author' (§ 301, f). The state of the text makes it well nigh impossible to feel sure of the true solution of the historical and geographical difficulties of the book (§ 301, e-f), and the relation of the Achikar story to our book cannot be determined definitely in the light of the evidence at our disposal (§ 301, h-i). Thus in the end Fr. De Vine adopts a solution between the extreme views that the book is strictly historical in every detail and that the story of Tobias is pure fiction. The narrative rests on historical happenings, but embellished by a long tradition (cf. § 300, e-f), so that in view of the doubtful state of the text 'it is next to impossible . . . to say with certainty that this or that section of the narrative is, or is not, strict history' (§ 301, f). Surely a moderate conclusion with which one may agree readily (cf. *Guide to the Bible*, I, pp. 125-26). The same attitude may be seen in Fr. M. Leahy's treatment of the literary form of *Judith* (§ 308, f-j). His view is that of A. Miller, O.S.B. (Bonn, 1940): a historical fact, probably in the reign of Artaxerxes III (358-338 B.C.), is the basis of the narrative, but the author 'embellished the record of the event: he meant his work to be read as a free description of the past to encourage his contemporaries faced with some similar calamity to have absolute confidence in God' (§ 308, g-j). This again is an acceptable solution which has in fact found favour with modern Catholic scholars (cf. *Guide to the Bible*, I, p. 128). We hear a more conservative note in the case of *Esther*, which is by many placed in the same category as *Tobias* and *Judith*. According to Fr. C. Ryan (§ 310, k-l), who grants that the view supposing the narrative to have a historical basis with a certain element of romance is possible in theory in the sense that it is consonant with Catholic doctrine, the solid arguments necessary to warrant a departure from the traditional view of the book as a true historical document 'have not been produced. The history related in our book belongs to the reign of the Persian King Xerxes, 486-465 B.C.; the book itself was composed at an uncertain date, though probably written in Persia very soon after the events narrated.' In this case, though the writer, as mentioned above, acknowledges that a freer view is possible, we might wish for a more *nuancée* affirmation of the historical value of the book. He might have

dwelt more on the literary characteristics of the narrative, a work *composed* in the modern sense of the word with the story developing rapidly, naturally and without digression, with episodes well linked and the plot coming naturally to a head. We have here an artist: here 'history is an art'. True, it is difficult to determine *a priori* the measure of freedom which the artist has granted himself, nevertheless this artistic feature of composition inclines one to think that the writer is not merely a historian and that we may not have to take literally all the details of the narrative (see *Guide to the Bible*, I, pp. 131 and 305).

We find something of the same conservative trend in Fr. Sutcliffe's treatment of the historical character of *Job* and *Jonas*. The writer establishes the unity and consistency of *Job* in a very persuasive manner; see his remarks on the organic unity of the prologue and the dialogue (§ 317, i-k), and on the connexion between the epilogue and the rest of the book (§ 317, o). In the third round of the debate he rearranges the discourses which have become confused (§ 319, h and § 328, g, j, n). The poem in praise of wisdom (c. xxviii) 'is very loosely attached to its context and as an independent unit can be removed without the creation of an apparent gap'. It has 'the definite appearance of an interpolation by a later hand' (§ 317, l). So also the speech of Elihu (cc. xxxii-xxxvii) presents 'every sign of a later addition' which 'can be excised without leaving a trace of the operation' (§ 317, m). 'We may take the same view of the poetic descriptions of the hippopotamus and the crocodile (cc. xl, 10-xli, 25), though the argument is not quite so strong' (§ 317, n). These literary remarks are excellent, and hardly anyone will question Fr. Sutcliffe's presentation and conclusions. Regarding the personage of Job, Fr. Sutcliffe acknowledges that there can be no question of close correspondence to historical fact; he gives evident considerations in favour of his view: nevertheless he holds that Job and his story are not the product of imagination: 'the ancients were wont to weave their stories around real personages'; why would 'a non-Israelite have been chosen as the hero?' The allusions in *Ezekiel* xiv, 14, 20 and *James* v, 11 rather suppose a historical personage (§ 318, d). But might not the biblical author simply take over an ancient tradition which in any case he admittedly treated quite freely? Whether Job was merely a 'mashal' as the Rabbi of the Babylonian Talmud held, or whether there is an historical nucleus impossible to define precisely does not really matter very much; the value of the teach-

ing of the book would not be affected appreciably if Job is simply a type, no more than on the contrary, for instance, the lesson of the parable would be more effective if Dives and Lazarus were shown to correspond to historical personages as an ancient opinion held (cf. the commentary on *Luke* xvi, 19 ff: §§ 716, e-f; 584, k). The historical character of *Jonas* is examined more fully by Fr. Sutcliffe in § 531, e-g. He admits the possibility of 'symbolic history' and thinks that 'the question of a narrative setting forth an actual happening or giving us a pious fiction' is an open one. Nevertheless he urges the use of the book as historical by several of the Fathers (hardly numerous enough to represent a tradition in the proper sense of the word), beside several other features of the narrative, as for instance 'the simple direct way' of the story which we find in 'the historical narratives of Elias and Eliseus'; also the character of Jonas depicted as acting 'in ways far from virtuous', as proofs of the historical character of the book. It is hardly necessary to remark that the differences in attitude towards the problems mentioned above are in reality secondary matters to which we should not attach too much significance. The main point is that the advocates of the different views recognize the right of others to disagree on the force of the arguments for the one or the other opinion, and this the authors of the *Commentary* admit quite readily. The study of the problems just referred to might be helped if we had a good study of ancient oriental narrative literature (Egyptian, Akkadian, Aramaic, etc.), history proper and other accounts which have the historical form. This has been done in part, but what is needed is a more thorough examination of the material from every angle—literary, religious, moral, historical, the various kinds of *motifs*, etc. This might assist in formulating 'canons' which could be used in connexion with similar biblical material. Such a study would enable the biblical scholar to judge better to what extent that material agrees with the other ancient material and therefore how the biblical narratives should be appreciated.

The *Commentary* gives us other examples of the same readiness to make allowance for differences in views. This is of course something which we should expect from the declaration of the Preface (p. vii): 'Contributors have freely stated their own views on their own responsibility.' Occasional corrections in matters of fact have been made by the Committee, which has also offered comments and suggestions, for the most part adopted by the contributor.

Where the editors have made insertions of their own, they have been initialled. In other words there has been no attempt at enforcing anything like rigid uniformity: this is all to the good. The reader will find contrasting or divergent views on the following topics: the chronology of the *Kings* (§ 64, d; § 125, g; § 266, d-j); the date of *Galatians* (§ 893, c-d; § 895, c; § 836, a; § 676, f-g); the relations of *Matthew* and *Mark* (§ 610, g; § 615, a, and § 679); the problem of the Pentateuch (Fr. Sutcliffe, §§ 126-35, h, and Fr. Dyson, § 135, i-t); and here I would like to call special attention to Fr. Sutcliffe's treatment of the ages of Abraham and the other patriarchs (§ 140, b-f); Fr. E. Power's remarks on the origin of the book of *Exodus* (§ 162, e-f) and Fr. R. A. F. Mackenzie's comments on the date of the Canticle of Moses (*Deut.* xxxii) and of the Blessing of Moses (*Deut.* xxxiii) (§ 222, a, f).

The views expressed by Fr. Power and especially by Fr. Mackenzie, as well as some statements of Fr. Sutcliffe (§§ 130, a; 132, e; 134), open the way to a freer conception of the origin of the Pentateuch. Nevertheless, with Fr. Dyson's supplement ('Some recent Catholic viewpoints on the Pentateuchal Question') (§ 135, i-t), we come to a rather different presentation of the problem: he presents in a sympathetic spirit what may be considered the 'broader' view, proposed in different forms by some recent Catholic writers. Common to all these authors is the idea that the Mosaic authorship is to be understood 'in a qualitative rather than quantitative sense', according to a formula of Professor J. Coppens. In brief, the Pentateuch would be 'the outcome of a lengthy literary process initiated by Moses and continued in his spirit' (§ 135, j). The reader will find an excellent statement of this view in the general introduction to Fr. de Vaux' *Genesis* and to the other parts of the Pentateuch in the *Bible de Jérusalem*; also with various differences in the writings of J. Nikel, Goettsberger, Heinisch, Vaccari, to mention only a few names (cf. also *Guide to the Bible*, I, 106-9 and 282-86). The interesting feature of recent Catholic work is the adoption of a more positive attitude: Catholic scholars are no longer merely on the defensive, trying to refute the theories of the critics; they are ready to recognize the solid value of the contributions of non-Catholic scholars and they propose positive solutions of the problem, still incomplete, but which may in the end help to give a more satisfactory explanation of the facts.

It is impossible to examine here the details of the Commentary

proper. Suffice it to say that it represents solid, sound work, even if in places one may take another view. A few points only may be noted in passing. Fr. Sutcliffe renders *Genesis* i, 1-3: 'In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth and the earth was desolate . . . , then God said: "Let there be light!"' (§ 142 f). This is quite acceptable from every point of view and, as he shows, does not suppose the eternity of matter. See also his rendering of *Genesis* ii, 5-6: 'And there was no man to till the ground and raise the flowing waters . . .' (§ 143, c). Notice also his remarks on the extent of the Flood: the Cainites are not included, the narrative is concerned with the Sethites exclusively (§§ 136, f-h; 146, c, f-i; 147, c-e). *Genesis* x, 19; xii, 6; xiii, 12, the Hebrew preposition 'ad translated ordinarily: as far as, rather means in these places: at, near, with (cf. *Catholic Biblical Quarterly* [C.B.Q.] 14 (1952) 249). Fr. Power maintains (§ 165, a-c) the 'traditional' explanation of the Divine Name; for another possibility, defended by several recent Catholic authors, see Couroyer O.P. in *Exode (Bible de Jérusalem)*, p. 34. As Balaam's home (*Num.* xxii, 5), Pethor Pitru in the land of the Ammonites (MT: the land of the sons of his people (?)), we should rather have: in the land of the Amanites (Confraternity Edit.: textual note). Compare also the renderings of the Confraternity Edition at *Num.* xxiii, 23 and *Num.* xxiv, 3, 15, which seem preferable.

Mgr. Saydon, to whom we are indebted for the commentaries on *Numbers* and *Osee*, has also treated the *Canticle of Canticles* and *Daniel*. The statement of the literary problems of *Canticle* is very good (§ 382, h-o), so also his account of the at times complicated systems of interpretation of the book (§ 383, a-m). The writer favours the parabolic-allegorical interpretation. Many details are to be considered mere literary embellishments. The book teaches at least implicitly a moral lesson on the sanctity of marriage. It symbolizes Yahweh's love for Israel and consequently Christ's love for his Church, since Israel and the Church are successive stages in God's work of redemption. In his commentary the writer gives first the literal explanation, then, at the end of the several divisions, the allegorical interpretation. To what extent may we consider this the biblical author's sense? Is it not rather an application of the sense? The book of *Daniel* is treated very ably. There is a good explanation of its Apocalyptic character and the writer shows that this was a known literary device which did not imply any kind of deception (§ 494, g-j). The text went through a long eventful

development before it took its final form in the Machabean age (for the details, see § 495, a-k).

Ecclesiasticus is treated in a very suggestive way by Fr. C. J. Kearns, O.P. The Hebrew work existed in at least two recensions before 132 B.C., as appears from a critical study of the MSS. and of quotations in Rabbinic literature, and from the evidence of the Versions (Greek, Syriac, Latin). Thus, according to our author, two forms of text: Primary and Secondary. The Primary Hebrew was used by the author's grandson, the Primary Greek translator: this is the text found in the main uncial MSS., A, B, Sin. . . . A Secondary Greek, made possibly about 80 B.C., from a Secondary Hebrew is found in the cursive MS. 248 (edited by Hart), the Complutensian Polyglot, and in the Latin. The Peshitta c. A.D. 200 comes from a purer Hebrew than any form now known, but it was subsequently altered to agree with a Greek MS. of Secondary type. The Secondary text contains pre-Christian supplements intended to develop or to present more clearly certain points not sufficiently brought out in the Primary text. It is the work of an inspired editor (§ 396, b-g).

Fr. Dyson gives an excellent commentary on *Proverbs*, brief, every word to the point. On xxvi, 23a (§ 373, i) he has apparently overlooked the correction proposed recently in the *Bulletin of American Schools of Oriental Studies* (BASOR), § 98, 21 f and 24 f, based on Ugaritic which allows to render: 'like glaze' spread on a potsherd. This goes very well with the sense given by the Commentator in xxvi, 23b. In the bibliography (§ 364, a) some recent contributions of Frs. J. M. McGlinchey, C.M. and P. W. Skehan enumerated in *Guide to the Bible*, I, 178, N.2 should be included.

There are many other articles and explanations which would deserve notice, but we must limit ourselves. May we mention Fr. E. C. Messenger's 'Our Lady in the Scriptures' (§§ 84-86) so moderate in tone, Fr. R. C. Fuller's 'Interpretation of Holy Scripture' (§§ 39-42) with its fine exposition of the senses of Scripture, including the Plenary Sense, so much discussed lately but still not quite clear to all. In this connexion I should like to call attention to Fr. J. Weisengoff's fine review of the latest work on the subject: Cerfaux-Coppens-Gribomont; *Problèmes et Méthode d'Exégèse Théologique*, in C.B.Q. 14 (1952), 83-85.

The commentaries on the Gospels (pp. 851-1017) are abundant and excellent: both the introductions and the exegesis deal

with all the problems very fully and ably, and the reader will not be disappointed, especially if in the Synoptic Gospels he compares the treatment of the parallel texts by the different commentators. There has been no attempt at gaining space—or at evading questions—by one commentator referring to the parallels in the other Gospels, only to find that the point has not been dealt with or not been treated satisfactorily. In *St. Mark*, Fr. J. A. O'Flynn gives a good account of the Ending of the Gospel (§ 726, a-b). He remarks very correctly that 'the variation in the manuscript and patristic testimony, taken in conjunction with the internal evidence of xvi, 9-20, suggests that the present final section is not the *exact* original ending'. 'The lack of continuity and change of style militate against the view that Mark wrote the section as it stands.' All this is perfectly correct. Yet the mystery remains: how was the original ending lost? A violent suppression is a desperate solution. An accidental loss is very difficult to suppose. Hence some authors hold that there never was an original ending: the Gospel ended with xvi, 8. At an early date, the need of a more natural conclusion was felt, hence the different additions which were made to the text. (See for instance the recent statement on the subject by Dom Willibald Michaux in *Bible et Vie Chrétienne*, I (1953), 84-86.) Even so, it is very hard to suppose that the Gospel really ended originally with xvi, 8; I do not recall any other instance of a *book* ending so abruptly. In *St. John*, Fr. W. Leonard defends the current reading 'were born' (I, 13: § 783, b). The singular ('was born') referring to Christ 'has only negligible authority from MSS. —and is defended only by a few non-Catholic critics'. This is not quite correct. The evidence from the MSS. may not be very abundant, but the testimony of the Fathers makes up for it. Recent Catholic authors have adopted this reading, among others A. Mollat, S.J., in his edition of *St. John* in the *Bible de Jérusalem*, a masterly work which is bound to influence considerably our understanding of the Fourth Gospel and makes us hope that the author will soon give us a full-sized commentary on *St. John*. The latest treatment of the question will be found in M. E. Boismard, O.P.: *le Prologue de Saint Jean (Lectio Divina; 11, Paris, 1953), pp. 54-65.*

To comply with the wishes of the editors, I mention here some additions and corrections in view of a new edition. P. 22: the 'Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the Catholic Biblical Association', St. Louis, 1937, and the early years of C.B.Q. contain articles which could be included in the bibliography. See also

Guide to the Bible, I, 86–92, where recent literature and recent dates proposed for some of the documents are mentioned. On the Text and Versions, see also *Guide* I, cc. 7 and 8 and the new literature. Houbigant's *Biblia Hebraica* (Paris, 1752, in four folio volumes) with unpointed Hebrew, new Latin translation, the critical notes and the still valuable Prolegomena—a complete introduction to textual criticism—deserves mention. P. 33 (§ 28, d), Mgr. P. P. Saydon's new translation of the Old Testament completed recently (*il-Kotba Mqaddsa bil-Malti*) is an important addition to the new vernacular versions. See a full account of it in JNES (U. of Chicago, April 1953). P. 34 for the Vernacular Versions, including the new 'Confraternity of Christian Doctrine' version, see *Guide*, I, 430–36 and C.B.Q., 1952, 237–54. Vol. I (*Genesis to Ruth*) of the new Catholic edition appeared September 1952; new edition 1953. P. 84: W. F. Albright contributed to the large two-volume work *The Jews* (ed. by L. Finkelstein, N.Y., 1950) the section on 'the Biblical Period', an outline of the history of Israel to the Ezra period; published also as a pamphlet of 65 pages with a chronological table of the divided Monarchy, from BASOR Nr. 100 (December 1945). P. 103: André Parrot is publishing a fine *Archéologie Mésopotamienne* in 3 vols.; Vol. II has just appeared. P. 133: Heinisch's *Theologie des A.T.* has been published lately in an English translation by Fr. Heidt, O.S.B., who was able to use the author's notes bringing the work up to date. P. 149: on the chronology, see A. Parrot, op. cit., 2, 332–445, for a thorough review of the subject. P. 179 (§ 138, a) cf. A.E.R.: 'Genesis i–xi and Prehistory', 1950 August, September, October: the last part incomplete through an accident. P. 193: see *Abraham Père des Croyants*, a collection of essays by Cardinal Tisserant, de Vaux, Starcky, etc.; a new edition just published of 140 pp.; originally published as a special number of *Carnets Sioniens*, Editions du Cerf, Paris. P. 539: Van Hoonacker has an edition of *Isaias* with commentary (in Flemish). There is also a valuable study of *Isaias* vii, 14 by Professor Coppens (*Prophétie de la 'Almah*) in a recent number of the *Ephemerides Theologicae*, Louvain. P. 752: see the references in *Guide* I, p. 195, 1. P. 881: on Peter, see O. Cullmann: *Saint Pierre: disciple, apôtre, martyr* (Bibliothèque Théologique, Neuchâtel-Paris, 1952), which has been published in an English translation this year. P. 971: Menoud (so instead of Menond): *l'Evangile selon St. Jean d'après les recherches récentes* (1943) has just appeared in a new edition.

FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL'S LETTERS TO EDMUND BISHOP (*concluded*)

By NIGEL ABERCROMBIE

IV. *PASCENDI* AND AFTER

EARLY in 1907, Bishop undertook to read a paper to the 'Rota' in November. When the time came, the decree *Lamentabili* and the encyclical *Pascendi* had been published; Bishop was still over head and ears in the turmoil and grind of his work on the calendar of the *Bosworth Psalter*. Between this fatigue, and the distress he felt for old friends, 'I have felt it almost imperative on me . . . to be silent and hold my tongue.' 'As regards myself personally . . . the shortness of my time and the remoteness of my life are a singular sedative so far as the interior soul (if I may so speak) is concerned.' He had begun to write to the Baron, but 'things "would out" in despite of myself', and he burnt what he had written: a serious loss, indeed; for Bishop had learnt to respect the Baron's great, almost unique, qualities of mind and heart, though remaining fully aware of his *faiblesses*. This is evident at length and in detail from a letter of March 1907 to Dom Morin, wherein, after declaring that von Hügel *is*, what many claim to be but are not, a 'thinker', he goes on to class him among those who, at that time, really knew, 'jusqu'au fond des choses', just whither contemporary criticism was tending. The same appreciation is vividly apparent in the pencilled marginalia in Bishop's copies of von Hügel's publications about this time. The Baron was to be at the 'Rota' for Bishop's paper, the date of which was postponed to 5 December for the former's convenience.

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, W.
30th Nov. 1907.

Dear Mr Bishop,

It is a most serious disappointment to me that, after getting Mr Coore and especially yourself, so kindly to put off the 'Rota' Dinner, especially that I might have the advantage (a much appreciated one)

of coming to hear your Paper,¹—I should have had, after all, to be at home at the original date, and should have now to be abroad at the date we had moved the meeting to.

But all had been very carefully fixed for the wedding on Nov. 20, and I had been able to reckon (as I thought, with certainty) upon being back by Dec. 5th. But now the wedding has had to be put off to Dec. 8th, and my wife and I have to leave this by Tuesday, the 3rd, early in the morning, at latest. Hence, alas, it is plain, that I must resign myself to this great disappointment; and must beg you to believe in the very great sincerity of this very great loss of mine.

You will, I hope, let me make up a little for this loss, by kindly lending me your MS when I am back again (Dec. 18th). I promise to study and to return it most carefully.

With renewed expression of a now old respect and gratitude for your noble scholar's life and example and for all your kindness to me,

I am, yours sincerely

Fr. v. Hügel.

I am glad that my young French friend, M. Jacques Chevalier (a remarkably good authority, already, upon English Nonconformity) is to be at your Dinner and Meeting. I hope you will kindly speak to him: he is a very good specimen of what the Paris Ecole Normale and the Fondation Thiers,—both government institutions,—can turn out. He is a zealous Catholic and a well-trained scholar.

This letter, according to Bishop's note, arrived in Barnstaple at midday on Saturday, 30 November. He answered it on the Monday, after sending his paper to Coore for the 'Rota'—being himself unable to attend the dinner. He was sorry to be missing the opportunity to meet Chevalier: 'I now too late much regret not having worked at the subject of English Puritanism when I was younger.' (In this connexion it may be of interest to mention that he took steps, about this time, to inform himself about the Sunday services in Nonconformist chapels at Barnstaple.) But the pressing burden of calendar-work continued: the 'Addenda' for the *Bosworth Psalter* volume were written in the first two months of 1908, while proofs of the earlier pages were under correction: the Baron's next letter came a few days before they were finished.

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, W.
17th Febr. 1908.

Dear Mr Bishop,

When in Cambridge during last week, I had tea with Professor H. B. Swete, and he expressed his very strong wish and hope that you would be able to contribute a volume, presumably on 'Western Litur-

¹ *A Paper without a Title* (unpublished: the MS. is at Downside).

gies', to the series of Handbooks of Liturgical Study, to be issued by the Cambridge University Press, under the general editorship of Drs Swete and Srawley. I gave him your address, and I now know from himself that he has written to you. But he tells me that he wants me to write to you as well.

I feel it, in a way, an impertinence for me to do so,—since Liturgies are, in no sense, my province. Yet, even so, I cannot but wish and hope that you may be able thus to help. As Dr. S. explained, it is to be in no sense a controversial or a 'Confessional' affair. And your rich, most accurate knowledge might here find one more vent,—not the less desirable, because 'popular', in the good sense of the word.

I have ventured to send you, to-day, a copy of Loisy's 'Simples Réflexions', which are surely, full of interest, of a largely painful but none the less real, indeed absorbing, kind. It seems to me that his tone is, upon the whole at all events, remarkably moderate, considering all things. And that his peroration, and indeed more than one other passage, is singularly fine.—How much that might have been sifted out gradually, with little or no shock to anyone has, by our theologians' now inveterate system, been allowed to accumulate [*sic*], so as to require heroic wills, and most dangerous discussions, to get righted, or to attempt such sifting out!—

I do not forget that I have still not seen that 'Rota' Paper of yours. I have been so hard worked and worried, that my nights have tended to become white ones. And hence I have not dared ask for the loan of that Paper yet. But a little while hence, I hope that you will kindly lend it me. I always learn much and very gratefully from your writings and letters.

Yours, dear Mr Bishop,
ever sincerely
Fr. von Hügel.

We had no presentation of that Address, we have simply withdrawn it, since, as Abbé Loisy himself saw and said, the situation, since we drew up that document and collected those signatures, had changed in a two-fold respect. There had come those three exceptionally vehement Roman acts ('Lamentabili', 'Pascendi', *Motu Proprio*); and L. had 'pris le devant', had come forward and courted a fresh condemnation by these two new books of his. The address thus became too mild and out of place.

Dr. Swete's suggestion proved wholly welcome, and Bishop accepted it within a week of its receipt. (By July, for reasons which have nothing to do with the von Hügel correspondence, he felt obliged to ask to be released from his undertaking. In a certain measure he may nevertheless be said to have fulfilled it, through the assistance he gave later to Dr. Srawley in writing *The Early History of the Liturgy*.)

As for Loisy: 'I am not at all clear, or indeed disposed to

think, that in the main contention he is all right and Harnack all wrong. Far from this.' Bishop had, too, his 'ignorantine' doubts about Loisy's answers to the synoptic problem: and detected in the second volume of the *Synoptiques* certain traces of the 'seminary system and atmosphere'. 'It is a difficult thing to speak of,—a thing not pleasant to mention. Simply this—that (as the outcome of the system they live under, and the atmosphere they live in) truth is *not* to Catholics a virtue for its own sake.' This *boutade* may serve as a sufficient indication of the state of mind to which Bishop had been reduced by the public and personal disturbances of 1907–8. It was only by degrees thereafter and in course of time that he attained to his dearest wish, of a 'thankful heart'.

A Paper without a Title, which discusses some historical aspects of ecclesiastical policy from the time of Pius IX onwards, eventually provoked the following elaborate response.

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, W.
16th June 1908.

Dear Mr Bishop,

If I did not know how deeply Christian a man you are, and again how entirely you understand the situation, and how much it takes out of one,—not only in so much hard work (this alone already tells severely upon a creature with such little health as myself), but far more by interior strain, emotion, occasions continual for self-discipline etc.: I would really not venture to write to you now at all. For I have not written for, I suppose, nine months or so, and I have had your fine, most true and powerful Paper by me ever since last February; and I announced that I would write now, I expect, full 6 or 8 weeks ago! But now that, at the end of a sorely needed week's rest, I am trying to make amends to my chief and worst-treated correspondents, before plunging again for weeks, perhaps months into study and composition and silence towards my friends,—I had better not use up much of my time and paper in deploring my limitations and silences, and will just very simply ask you kindly to forgive and to understand. Certainly you are the man to whom, alongside of Fr Tyrrell, I turn to most constantly and spontaneously in thought amongst all English-speaking living Catholics; and indeed I find that precisely where the community of aim and ethos is thus very deep and wide, it is more, not less, difficult to write often,—for one has ever too much to say, and much of it again one feels that one says to the other and hears from the other more fully and persuasively by one's attempts to live it. It will make my writing easier to me, somehow, if I number my chief points.

1. First then let me thank you *very* much for your very fine Paper, carefully read and digested by me *months* ago, and which I return to you, registered to-morrow. It is nobly virile throughout,—so truthful and

pensive, so full of experience. And then its illustrations are mostly just old enough to be quite fresh to the majority of us younger folk.—Fr Tyrrell, to whom I lent it, wrote: 'Here is B.'s paper; quite admirable, if a little too abruptly cut short. Could he not be persuaded to let *you* send it to *Il Rinnovamento*. Alfieri need never know the author; and the references to the Rota and other clues can easily be obliterated. Of course I don't agree that the laity are to do nothing but contribute to general culture. That will only help to raise the problem for the Church. We need some kind of essay at its solution. If all Modernists followed E.B.'s tactics, the Church would be dead long before their work had begun to tell.'—I wish indeed that you would do as Fr T. suggests; I should be grateful and delighted to act the go-between as suggested.¹ You shall hear in a moment and be given means to judge of the worth of those young fellows' work.

2. Amidst the many reasons for depression, the 'Rinnovamento's' continuation, the spirit of that group, and its effect already in Italy, have been and are a source of deepest gratification to me. It is true that *Scotti* has withdrawn from the directing Triumvirate,—so that only Alfieri and Casati remain at the head (all my efforts last December, when I went over to Milan, from my daughter's wedding at Genoa, to help the group in determining him to stay on were in vain); that Fogazzaro too has withdrawn; that they determined, and have carried out the resolution, to abstain from direct criticism of contemporary Roman official acts; and that they have lost at least many of their 400 odd Italian Priest subscribers. But, *per contra*, they have (after the solemn publication by Cardd. Steinhuber and Ferrari that, if they continued, every Editor, writer, reader, seller, buyer, printer, praiser of the Review would be *ipso facto* excommunicated) deliberately, emphatically, continued, and this initialling and fully signing their articles and reviews, on and on; they have published this their decision to persevere, *let Rome do what it will*, in a dignified letter to Card. Ferrari; they have, besides Scotti, Fogazzaro and the Priest-writers, not lost a single contributor; Scotti has published in their Review a very dignified expression of his unshaken solidarity of ideas and ideals with them and has written an (unpublished) letter to Mgr Bonomelli for showing to the Pope, in which he explained that *never* could he renounce his friends or make an act of unlimited 'absolute' submission; the subscribers lost amongst Italian clerics have been I know largely (and possibly entirely) replaced by recruits amongst the government school-masters and -mistresses right down into the Abruzzi and Sicily (many of these having now returned to the Sacraments under the influence of *Rinn.*!); and the group has entirely *not* been ostracised etc, even in Milan,—they all continue freely to frequent the Sacraments, except Alfieri and Casati, who decided that it would be more respectful etc, to abstain from them for the present. Even old Cardinal Ferrari himself, persecuted by those fanatical ultras Padre Matiusi, S.J. of Milan (who was terribly shocked when he discovered that Scotti did not believe that if we bored a deep hole into our earth we should infallibly come upon hell!), and

¹ 'The idea arrides me. I'll think.' (E.B.)

the 'Unità Cattolica' of Florence,—these gentlemen find the Cardinal to be a crypto-modernist!—shows himself most reluctant to burn his fingers again by attempting any fresh measures against what are, after all, the most zealous and cultivated, the most manly and unworldly, of his flock!—Here, at last, we get a chrystallizing-point [*sic*] for a new Catholic *psychōsis*,—without which nothing can or will be achieved.

2. [*sic*] I felt that it would be presumptuous to attempt to push or determine those fine young men,—for such work had better not be attempted, unless the men concerned spontaneously and very deliberately will it, with all their hearts. But seeing them thus determined, how could I fail to rejoice, to applaud them, and to undertake to back and work for and with them, as far as ever my strength, time, and opportunity permit.—And so I am giving them three long Papers on Loisy's 'Synoptiques',—this is a bit of private information for yourself alone, please. The question was, should I sign in full,—this seemed provocative; or should I put a pseudonym or misleading initials,—this appeared somewhat mean. So I ended by putting the initial H.,—one so utterly not Italian, as (together with the style etc) instantly to indicate the author; and yet allowing Rome, if it prefers, to give him the go-bye. The first has now been out about a month, and so far I have had no kind of official (or indeed other) check or warning. This first Paper is, indeed, relatively harmless; yet as it announces the 'burning' subjects of its two successors, now or never would be the time to try and stop the nuisance.—

3. I venture to send you (on loan, only, I am sorry to say, but pray keep them 10 days) the last 2 numbers of 'Rinn.', that you may judge for yourself of its general tone. The AAA or aaa papers are all by that admirable Alfieri; the A d S or Sor are by the very promising young orientalist A de Soragna; the A.C. are by *Alessandro Casati*, an admirably trained young philosopher, who keeps unmarried so as to keep 'Rinn.' in funds (they could thus afford, without being out of pocket to sink from their 1,200 to 600 subscribers,—and there is no fear of such a shrinkage now). Dre *Umberto* [*sic*] *Pestalozza*¹ also writes well and with remarkable knowledge about Hellenistic things.—How I wish you would come and help us! No doubt the thing is not perfect: well, the thing to do, is it not, is to help to make the enterprise better and better.

4. They have made two very respectable converts among young Italian writers: *Prezzolini* who, till quite recently, one of that very clever but paradoxical and 'precious' 'Lionardo' group of Florence, has now published a strikingly sober, manly book declaring himself won over to that kind of laborious and religiously devoted 'Modernism'; and *Angelo Crespi* who, up to hardly a year ago, a brilliant but ill-balanced Socialistic writer, is now settling down to the most thoroughly Christian conceptions, but quite critically open and scholarly,—I see him here in London every fortnight or so. And they will doubtless gain further adherents.

¹ Professor *Uberto Pestalozza*, afterwards Rector Magnificus of the University of Milan, tells me that at this time he was a Lecturer in the History of Religion, in the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy.

5. There are three other Italian publications more or less comparable with 'Rinn.' 'Nova et vetera' appears every fortnight in Rome, edited by a group of (anonymous) secular Priests. But tho' Fr Tyrrell has there published some very strikingly true articles, the enterprise is, as a whole, curiously less deep and thorough, *thin* and *shrill* on the religious side, indeed in part distressingly short-cut and Philistine, wanting somehow in that sense of mystery, of the continuous need of complete self-surrender, of the larger and subtler asceticism, and of the presence of God and the grand reality of the world unseen, without which all reform becomes empty talk and but invites a new (and relatively deserved) triumph of the other party.—I take the cause to lie in what you so strikingly say in your last fine letter to me (for which also, most grateful thanks), and is one more proof of the profound danger of the scholastic seminary training. If the latter produced men of God,—it would matter relatively little if it failed to produce scholars.¹ But indeed, directly and of itself it does *even less* for the heart, the soul, the spirit, the religious character, than it does for the intellectual powers and their proper growth and use.—Still, there are several fine, courageous men at the back of 'N. et V.' and I hope they may soon wake up to the real requirement being not in the least a reaction, even tho' a reaction against reaction, not at all a 'breadth' without depth, or a sheer registration of incontrovertible physical or psychical items, but a breadth in and with depth, an affirmation, a *life*, organic and integrating within its ample, ever expensive sweep, various stages and degrees of life and truth, each higher stage stimulating and fostering the right individuality and autonomy of the lower.—*La vita Religiosa* that, in Florence, has now succeeded Minocchi's 'Studi Religiosi' is edited by a lay committee. It is good about O.T. things, and fair about others, and will be useful if only because it appears as definitely Catholic and yet explicitly without *Imprimatur*. But it has a sort of distinguishing-itself-from-other-publicans drift which is unsympathetic, and its size is very modest—it is no patch upon 'Rinnovamento'.—And 'Pagine Buone' would, perhaps, at other times not be worth noting. But now this little fortnightly publication of long selections from Carlyle, Tolstoi, J. S. Mill, F. W. Robertson, Kant etc., with pointed notes avowedly by Padre Ghignoni, Barnabite, without *Imprimatur*, and edited by a layman, most distinctly means something, and even a good deal.

6. I have been a good deal tried and exercised by the case (I give you the name in confidence, since, tho' he himself makes no special secret of his dispositions, he has not yet taken the decisive step) of Fr Fawkes, quite lately. I have long had my doubts whether he ought ever to have joined the R. Catholic Church; his views, for the last 10 years at least, have been more purely and pointedly individualist, than those of any of the non-Catholic German and English scholars and philosophers with whom I am intimate: e.g. quite recently he has written a paper in which the whole Tractarian movement is held to have been *sheer* stupid reaction, to have had no intrinsic greatness or real significance,—a view

¹ 'This is W. G. Ward.' (E.B.)

that goes markedly beyond the strongly Protestant Percy Gardner, who contents himself with pointing out the one-sidednesses and ignorances of the movement, whilst frankly admitting its perception and embodiment of certain great, elemental truths.—Well, now F. is being kept (evidently indefinitely) waiting for the renewal of his faculties, and seems resolved to return to, as he says, 'not Anglicanism', but to 'the national Church of my country'.—Now my point here is,—not that I am sure he ought not to act thus: for he may never really have been an R.C.; and his holding on may only make him more and more downrightly unjust to even the most elementary Catholicism and less and less religious: but that a convinced Catholic cannot treat or feel the movement into the Roman Church and the movement out of it, as *objectively*, equivalent. And this, not merely because he cannot but hold (as long as he is an R.C. at all) the R.C. Church to be, at her best and in the long run, the enshriner of spiritual insight, helps and ideals, deeper and more complete than are to be found elsewhere; but because of a more general, universally applicable principle. For it remains, surely, the fact that neither 'neck or nothing' nor 'six of one and half a dozen of the other' are true in life *anywhere*, and least of all in the apportionment of God's light, help and love. There is a pyramidal mounting up and accumulation [*sic*] of truth, *why* I do not know—but *there is*. Hence, even if I lost my belief that Rome (at its best) represents that culmination, I would still retain the general principle; and I find myself thus more at one with the earnestly religious anti-Roman Protestant than with the cheerfully indifferent, all-round pleasant man. And this *in no wise* interferes with one's finding and gratefully loving every where various degrees of God's light and love. The definitely Anglican Lilley, the emphatically Lutheran Heinrich Holtzmann, the sensitively Jewish Claude Montefiore are amongst my closest and dearest friends.—Now I notice that Dell, e.g., has no kind of pain or distress in witnessing such movements which, *objectively* considered, cannot but be descents for us. And yet, surely, the depth and richness of life consist precisely in its being a wondrous tissue of the warp of *objective* differences, shot through by the woof of *subjective* dispositions; and only where we get a fair coalescence of the objective worth and the subjective right will, can we feel quite happy, warmly grateful.—I do not say this to complain of D.: he has been as generous and nice about it all, as possible; and we can do nothing in F.'s case. But I feel the *principle* concerned to be one of fundamental importance, and that the broader we find we must be, the more we should take care to be broad about *something*, to be graduated in our sympathies in the midst of this essentially graduated world.—Otherwise the bigots will win, and deserve to win, for men, the deeper men, will not live on negation or on all-round levelling-down.

7. It is curious how much less courageous, upon the whole, they are being in France than in Italy. Loisy, it is true, abounds in courage; may he continue to the end to combine faith with science, hope with realism! And Le Roy, (tho' Bloud has been obliged by Mgr Amette to abandon the sale of his 'Dogme et Critique') continues to sell his book from his own house. (By-the-bye, the Protestant Professor Henri Bois

has published a truly important criticism of L.R.; I do not know if it is published, so I venture to add the *brochure* to the packet I am sending you; please return it at your leisure).—But the Portal ('Revue Cath. des Egls') group have been trying Fr Tyrrell and me, by their attempts to discriminate us from L., in a way and degree which would be untrue and very ungenerous. And France has nothing like 'Rinnovamento' to show.

8. Yet, even taking all the miseries and unsatisfactorinesses into account, I for one not only do not despair of necessary reform in and for the R.C. Church, but I actually see its process and *rationale*. And looking back in religious history, I see many, many illusions and delusions; yet one tops and entirely exceeds them all,—hopelessness or non-labouring, non-fighting in the very thick of the conflict. I say this, not as thinking that you are one of those arch-deluded ones, but because it is well to strengthen oneself by occasionally explicating one's innermost conviction.

Yours with grateful admiration and
sincerity
Fr. von Hügel.

P.S. You will find a review, fully signed by me, of L's 'Synoptiques' in the July 'Hibbert Journal'. My book begins printing these days, and is supposed to be out by Michaelmass, but will not, I expect, appear before Xtnas. Anyway, I am full of work. May trouble and suffering if it is to come from such forward action, ever leave me unbroken interiorly whatever may happen outside! I shall be most grateful for your kind remembrance of me, alongside of others, before God.

Bishop did not fail to perceive in this letter an invitation to 'engage himself'. His reaction appears in a pencil note against the Baron's No. 8: 'I am alone because I have had to be alone. I do not see or know and am not in touch,—and am not prepared to thrust myself, both on account of incapacity and ignorance, into the conflict.' Yet he devoted time and thought (before answering the Baron, on 28 June) to the questions how his paper might be revised for publication in *Rinnovamento*, and whether it should be signed. This was perhaps the first occasion for the Baron to observe in Bishop that 'suspicion and antipathy towards the Vatican' which he afterwards noted as 'distinctly excessive'.¹ There is no evidence that he ever answered Bishop's letter: a year later he is proposing a conference by word of mouth—and before this actually took place, Fr. Tyrrell had been buried; the fourth chapter of the correspondence was opened.

¹ Letter of 29 November 1922, in *Selected Letters*, ed. Holland, p. 362.

V. TYRRELL

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, W.
29th June 1909.

Dear Mr Bishop,

It is indeed long since I have had the great pleasure and benefit of one of your most interesting letters. But indeed it was my turn to write. And yet, even to-day, I still do not find the time and the leisure of mind, for telling and asking you many a thing, as I so much would like to do. But the following immediately practical query has been upon my mind for the last fortnight or so, and must not be delayed any further. Indeed, I shall be much obliged if you can and will answer it promptly, since I must make several other arrangements dependent upon your answer. My enquiry then is as follows. I have, ever since I first got to know well as to the rare accumulation [*sic*] of experience, and the still rarer insight and judgement that we possess in yourself, much wanted to be allowed some conversational intercourse with you. But your weak chest and voice and my unhappy deafness made this seem impossible, or, at least, a most selfish plan. But now, during some 6 months, I have become possessed of an admirable American invention, the 'Acousticon', which allows me to hear even quite weak voices (provided the person does not speak too rapidly) very well indeed. My wife, e.g., with her weak voice, I can now hear quite perfectly,—and it is even better for me, if she does *not* raise her voice. And the speaker has no trouble,—there is no trumpet or the like. Only a box, like a Kodak photographic apparatus stands on the table, or is held, between the speaker and the listener, and the result is achieved!

This being so, I do not now hesitate to try and secure a meeting with you. I shall be at Great Malvern for the first 3 weeks of August, and immoveable for that time. But from August 21st or so till September 15th I could arrange, if you were then get-at-able, to come to some Barnstaple Hotel (which you would tell me of, as reasonable and fairly good and not too far away from you) for, say, some 3 or 4 nights. Between Aug. 21st and Sept. 1st would probably be the best time *for me*; but if I could know thus early, I could fit in my other plans with your convenience.

There are several matters of serious importance to the things we both care for so much, and certainly to my life and action, which I should very much like to consult you about,—there is no one who could help me so wisely and so well as you would do. So I hope you may be able to accept. But I shall, of course, understand perfectly if my day-dream proves an impossibility.

With kind regards and deep sympathy

Yours sincerely

Fr. v. Hügel.

Your kind letter about my book was the first I received on the subject, and I cared very much for it. Grateful thanks. The book has gone very

well,—a second Impression required after 4 months, and the notices, and some private letters from competent judges, have been and continue most encouraging—so also the Th.L.Z.

The White Horse, Storrington,
Sussex, 16th July 1909.

My dear Mr Bishop,

Miss Petre and I have been wanting, ever since Fr Tyrrell fell so suddenly ill on the 6th, to write to you, ever so sympathetic, experienced and perspicacious. Yet not only has there been an overwhelming mass of quite immediately *business-matters* to get thro';—but we wanted also to have something definite to tell you, as to the Ecclesiastical situation.—

You will, in this morning's 'Times' and 'Daily Mail' have read Miss Petre's letter about this situation. Already we have had to experience some fluttering in the ecclesiastical dove-cote,—so far, it is true, only on the part of the Prior here, who *may* come round to see that, after all, T. was never fully articulate throughout and that there should be no difficulties (as even Bp Amigo seems to imply in a letter just seen by us) in Fr T.'s receiving ecclesiastical Burial, now he has received Absolution and Extreme Unction. Indeed we doubt (seeing that he never was a *nominally* Excommunicate) whether Xtian burial could be refused him, if he had died,—not refusing, but simply without having received, the Sacraments.—

The Funeral is, in any case, to be on Tuesday; and, if the present negotiations succeed, here in Storrington,—if not probably at Brentwood, Essex,—Westminster Diocese.—

Miss P. and I were, of course, well aware of the unpopularity of what we were doing,—especially by this letter to the Papers. But we felt that the most elementary loyalty to our friend and to the great cause for which we have all laboured in common strictly *demanded* such a prompt declaration, so as to anticipate the upspringing of legend, which would have arisen in 24 hours, incapable of eradication any more.

Long after we had had to decide on our plan of action as to the Sac^{ts}, and even after his death, we found that, in his will, he had, by a codicil written last January, expressed (with a vividness, indeed vehemence that will startle people when it, the codicil, gets known) precisely the discrimination which I had insisted upon, in my 3 points, to the Southwark Diocese Priest. So we feel quite at peace, even if we may have to pay, in the long run, dearly for our publication.—

How strange that he, Fr T., should actually have been growing stronger in his general health during these last 3 years, and yet (as we only now know) have been steadily sapped by that terrible malady,—Bright's Disease. It was this (we now know) that really produced all those *migraines* and vomitings which came upon him every 3 weeks or so; and this too, we now think, will have been a part-cause of a certain violence which sometimes marred the effect of otherwise really strong sayings. There is no doubt, too, that he was impulsiveness and rashness

personified, in his correspondence,—both as to *what* he wrote and to whom he wrote. And we must be prepared, I think, for disloyal publication, here and there, of ‘scandalous’ tit-bits in the hands of reckless or mischief-loving correspondents of his. But,—what a great man, all the same; so affectionate and courageous, so humorous and unworldly, so mentally alert, so spiritually deep! And *what* a life of isolation and humiliation, hard work, bitter fighting, pathetic disappointments.

I return home to 13 Vicarage Gate, Kensington to-morrow, probably.

Yrs v. sincerely

Fr. v. Hügel.

Please tell Abbott [*sic*] Butler and the others, and get their Prayers.

It is fitting simply to quote here from Bishop’s letter of 18 July his words about Tyrrell and some others lately dead: ‘They have been to me not (as I fancy some have regarded them) as pioneers and forerunners in a new day for “the Church”;—it is not so that I have looked on them;—but as men who had compassion upon the multitude,—the unhappy multitude (and they are more numerous I take it than most of us, and particularly the clergy, realize) who either “know” or reflect, or both: and that not from love of novelty, but simply because the world is as it is, with its pressure of new (and unsolved old) problems, and they, men and women, are *as* they are—not insensible to the world that is around them and in which their lot has been cast.’

It appears from the following letter that Bishop must have notified the Baron of the impossibility of certain dates for the proposed conversations—probably 31 August to 3 September, when he was to visit Bishop Hedley.

Broomhill, West Malvern,
Herefordshire
14th Aug. 1909.

CONFIDENTIAL.

My dear Mr Bishop,

Thank you for prompt warning as to dates. I *had* thought of coming to you, just about the time which now turns out impossible to you. But I have been able to arrange,—and I like to think that this will completely suit you,—to get to you (Downside) in the late afternoon of Friday, Sept. 3rd, and to stay with you till the early afternoon of Tuesday, 7th September. This will give me three full days for asking, hearing, and learning,—with grateful thanks and closest sympathy. So, if I do not hear from you again, I shall just simply, a day or two before arrival, let you have a P.C. as to what train I arrive by at the little station, so that my traps may be fetched up to the Abbey.

Many thanks too for your most welcome sympathy and its expres-

sion. Abbé Brémond [*sic*], Miss Petre and I have been through a very trying time,—he, worst, I, least,—yet all three a very difficult period. And, since we all three want to continue to do and produce, with tact and judgement, but, still, to act and effect,—we may have further trials before we have done.

So far, we have decided upon three, and only three, things, in connection with Fr T. (1) I am helping Miss P. with the breaking up into cc. of the otherwise complete MS of his new, evidently very fine, book 'Xtianity at the Cross Roads',—at least *that* is the title of the central of the three Essays that compose the volume. The book is to be out, if possible, at Michaelmas (Longmans). (2) Jacks is going to publish, in the Jan. 'Hibbert J.' two, possibly three, short 'Nachrufe', (made up largely of letter-extracts) by the Revd Mr Osborne, Fr T.'s old High Anglican schoolfellow,—for the latter's Protestant period, and by myself for the second, last half of Fr T.'s Catholic period. For the first half of the Catholic period we are still without our man,—and this, because of the most obvious reasons.—

But,—between these September and January publications we want to place (3) the publication (as complete as reasonable delicacy towards living persons may render this possible) of the correspondence of Fr T. and myself. Miss P. found that (from motives doubtless of prudence for his correspondents) he had destroyed all letters addressed to himself,—with one exception,—he had preserved all my letters to him just as I have kept all his letters to him [*sic*].—

Now these letters are all so predominantly busy, not with persons but with things,—historical, psychological, theological problems,—he wrote to me with such an unusual degree of deliberation and care,—and all his Catholicism comes out so strongly here,—that we have concluded in favour of publishing this complex of documents, composed throughout without any thought of publication, as a really useful undertaking,—which, in no case, can do his memory any harm, and which is pretty certain to keep or win many a soul to him.—

But,—we require an Editor; and this Editor must evidently be a layman, a Catholic, an Englishman, and ought to be as little of a Journalist, and as much of a scholar and a man of weight and sober judgement as possible. Dear Mr Bishop,—Miss Petre and I, both thought at once, and we have continued to think, during these 3 weeks and more since our decision, without change or hesitation of *yourself*. We feel that everything conspires in favour of this,—your having, I think, not even known Fr T., and your not having ever been identified with work of my own. Your being the senior of us both. Your being a man of learning and of the inner life, well-known for your deliberation and quiet, strong judgement.—You could and would thus, bring to the work that degree and look of detachment as well as of testimony which the office would require.

Actual work the kind help would, we think, hardly entail upon you. Such notes as may be necessary would all be simply as to matters of fact, and would be compiled ready for your judgement by myself; and the Editor's Introduction had even better be kept short and very

sober. Nor do we fancy that much of disagreeables would be likely to accrue to you, from such an *invaluable* aid. For, as you know, I am no fire-brand; and Fr T.'s letters to me are tuned to my key. And there must be a considerable number of the more respectable 'blacks' who, whilst, to the end, disapproving of many of his positions and declarations, would be glad to find so many that they can accept or tolerate.

You will understand, of course, why I *write* all this, instead of waiting till we meet. I want to settle all *details* of the Editing as deliberately as you (or whoever edits) can possibly require. Nor do I want to hustle you as to the general, preliminary decision. I only want you to have, promptly now, the general scheme before you, so that we may not lose any *avoidable* time, in getting your general decision. If, as I, as we, so strongly hope, you do not find any conclusive reason against acceptance, —*that* will be quite sufficient for us, at this stage. Only if, alas, you find that, somehow, you *must* refuse, and that this is irrevocable,—would your early declaration to that effect distress us, indeed, yet be, under the circumstances, a help.

I would, in *that* case, approach *Edmund Gardner*, with the same request. But, though he too would be a good person for the purpose, he would be distinctly inferior to yourself. He is only just 40,—nearly 20 years my junior and 9 years younger than Fr T. He would add little weight of maturity or final judgement to the publication. He is an old pupil of the S.J.'s, and may very well shrink from the task for this reason, absent in your case. He knew Fr T. pretty well, and does the same as to myself.—Altogether, a distinctly slighter, slenderer person than yourself. *You* are the man. May you be able,—say in a week from receipt of this letter to accept and help on a thing which we very simply believe to be for God's honour and the good of many, many souls.

Yours with warm esteem, gratitude and respect
Fr. v. Hügel.

The correspondence opens, I *think*, in 1906, but becomes frequent only from 1908 onwards.—We have no doubt that if not Longmans, then some other Publisher, will gladly take the volume.—Of course, *you* would have a veto and a voice for and in all points,—we should be only too honoured in possessing such a help and advantage.

Bishop acknowledged this letter by return of post. His considered answer, dated 17 August, 1909 (but posted the following day), was—inevitably—in the negative; if only on account of 'the odium which . . . might very easily be found eventually to entail separation even from chief friends, and may be not unlikely to involve me in personal correspondence and difficulties such as at my age . . . I feel indisposed to incur—except on . . . the call of duty', which he could not hear. If people should say, as they fairly might, "what does Bishop mean by thrusting himself into this business?" . . . I have no satisfactory answer to give'. Besides, Bishop simply

did not share the aspirations of Tyrrell and von Hügel towards '“reformation” of, or in, the Church.' 'Nor indeed (which is quite another question) am I clear as to the need of an outside editor in the case at all. But on this I cannot presume to speak.' The implications of this letter appear plainly enough, and illustrate in a special way the observations of Dom Hugh Connolly, writing in 1927 to Dom André Wilmart, that 'E.B. definitely did *not like* the Baron, *nor* his modernism,' and spoke of him as 'a dangerous man.'¹

The Baron duly went to Downside for the long week-end, 3 to 7 September, and spent many hours with Bishop there, chiefly in discussion of the affairs of Tyrrell and Maude Petre.

Padworth Croft,
Reading.
10th Sept. 1909.

My dear Mr Bishop,

I do not feel at all sure of your being still at Downside; but this little letter had better go there first, since, if you are yet on the spot, I would ask you to thank FF. Prior, Connolly and Horne for all their kind attentions, and to tell Fr Ramsay how glad I was to meet him again. I like much to think of your getting back to Barnstaple soon now, as that most kind and useful plan of your sister and yourself, to give Fr C. a thorough rest and physical looking-after, will then come into operation. *That* is a very valuable life, and yet, physically, a very frail and uncertain one: I felt both these things with great force during these days alongside of him.

Allow me now please to thank you, most sincerely and very, *very* much, for giving me those many hours and such full attention and kindest sympathy, during those four Downside days. No two minds, no two friends are, or can, or ought to be, the same; our losses are irreparable. Yet it is one of the truest, most precious, dispensations of Providence, when it not only leaves us friends, but actually increases our knowledge of, and helpedness by, them. It sometimes gives us quite new friends, as happened to me when I gained the rich gift of Dr Bickell's acquaintance and prompt intimate friendship, upon losing, having to renounce, my intercourse (so close for so many years) with W. E. Addis.—In your case, what preceded was not so sad, for my intimacy with Fr Tyrrell remained unbroken, indeed went on increasing to the end; and what succeeded [*sic*] was not wholly new. Yet I like to think and hope that in a life and work which are necessarily a good bit lonely, arduous and painful, the great advantage of your steady friendship and wise, frank counsel may be with me to the end. I feel sure that we ought never to count upon such things, but daily begin anew attempting to be less unworthy of them. For all that is alive at all,—and what is friendship if it is not *that*?—means a continuous energising, a daily, hourly

¹ The letter is at Quarr Abbey, where (by kind permission of the Right Rev. the Abbot of Solesmes) I was allowed, with most friendly hospitality, to examine it.

renovation. And, evidently, only God's kind grace and our own humble, ceaseless renewals of disposition and affection can keep such a life going on and on.

I have just heard from Miss Petre, much impressed with, and entirely agreeing to, your advice as to the publication of the Tyrrell-Hügel Correspondence. I shall also, when I see her, try to determine her, as concerns a biography, in the sense indicated by you during our talks. With renewed warm thanks and much respectful sympathy,

Yours very sincerely

Fr. v. Hügel.

My address is always: 13 Vicarage Gate, Kensington, W.

Padworth Croft,

Reading.

11th Sept. 1909

My dear Mr Bishop,

I shrink from troubling you again, so soon. But there is a decision I must make, which, in appearance most simple and small, may well, in the present ecclesiastical circumstances, require careful consideration. And chivalry and courage are so clearly on one side, that I want a non-personal, weighty opinion, before saying 'yes' or 'no'. Perhaps, to save time, you will kindly wire me (up to 2 p.m. on Monday, 13th, *Vonhugel, London*; from then till Friday 17th, 2 p.m., *Friedrich Hügel Wayside Cambridge*) 'yes' or 'no', according as you think I ought to appear, or not to appear, in the following matter.

As you know, and agree, Fr T.'s '*Xtianity at the X Roads*' is in the press, with a quiet, unprovocative, but firm, Preface by Miss P.—*shall she there mention my name, as having helped her with the editing, or not?*

If she does not mention me, she stands quite alone before the world (as far as any avowals go) as publishing and editing this book. And *I* am the only person she *can* mention.

It is true that she, as the Literary Executor, can, in fairness, hardly be considered free *not* to publish what he, the dead man, had finished, to the very (dated) Preface; so that, in fairness, she ought not to require backing, and any such backer might, in a quite just world, expose himself to more criticism than she would do.—And again it is true that I have already shown my *general* solidarity with her attitude; and that in January will appear my 'Tyrrell' *In Memoriam* in the 'Hibb. Journ.', and, I suppose at Easter, the *Tyrrell-Hügel* correspondence;—things for which I shall require as much good will as possible,—a good-will that I may be losing by appearing in that Preface now.

Yet, on the other hand, I may have enough of *prestige* of one kind or the other, to help, by my appearing in that Preface, to ward off bitter or venomous [*sic*] attacks from Miss P., for an act which I approve and have helped on. And such a quiet, unprovocative thanks for services actually rendered appearing *now*, in this first act of piety towards our common dead friend, might prevent also my own later performances from encountering oppositions which, otherwise, would have been helped on by an over-diplomatic, perhaps cowardly silence at this moment.

The book is printing, and it is certain that, on this particular point, I must decide *at once*. Pray help me with your wise counsel.

Yours most sincerely
Fr. von Hügel.

Bishop answered on 13 September: complaining somewhat of being compelled into a position of deciding upon the concerns of others, when his own were 'as much as, or more than' he could well manage; but advising firmly that there was no need for more than a note by Maude Petre, explaining that Fr. Tyrrell had completed the book, and she had seen it through the press. If her name constantly appeared together with the Baron's, this 'would look like "conspiracy", a *party* attempt or move, or might easily be represented as such': it 'would have a provocative air' for the Baron to figure in the current Preface.

The Baron's commentary on this letter is printed in the *Selected Letters*, at pp. 168-9. His next approach to Bishop was again on Maude Petre's behalf.

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, London, W.
May 29, 1912.

Dear Mr Bishop,

It is indeed a long time, since I last had the pleasure, and ever great advantage of hearing from you. But you have doubtless been very busy; and I myself have been at work as hard as ever small health will allow. And as one gets older, everything takes more time,—perhaps double the time, I find. And so one procrastinates, as to writing even to friends whom one honours much and whom one never forgets.

But to-day I come to ask you a very definite question which I have undertaken to ask you for a friend. The question is: did you at all know,—I mean, even simply through exchange or letter,—Fr George Tyrrell? If so, have you got any note or letter of his, which you would be willing to lend (original or copy) to Miss Maude Petre

Mulberry House
Storrington,
Sussex?

She is nearing the final revision of her MS; and is, naturally, anxious not to miss out any document of any real importance.

I remember well *how* eagerly he always read and pondered such letters of yours as I had the advantage to receive,—and how frequently he used to ask me, whether I had not again heard from you. But this, no doubt, looks rather as if he did *not* hear from you direct; except that he was ever most delicately discreet and silent as to letters addressed by anybody to himself, and that he might well long for more, even after having received a good deal of written matter directly from yourself.—

Miss M.P. bade me add that *of course* she would submit to you in proof anything she might wish to publish from such papers as you would kindly lend her; and also that, if you preferred, she could and would suppress your name in connection therewith.—I have now read (this is between ourselves) every word of her first draft of her book, and I think that, with certain changes which she is very willing to make, it will be, not only a very interesting, but also a very instructive, even if predominantly saddening, book. I have done what I could to minimize for her, within reason, the probable further disagreeables awaiting her, on the book's publication. And indeed, given her determination to publish,—and only thus can the formation of a legend about him be prevented, I verily believe there is nothing much left to be done to her MS, from this point of view, without simply eviscerating the whole thing.—Père Hyppolyte Delehaye, the Bollandist when with me, in this room, alas already 7 months ago, was saying *how* much he wished you would give them something, however short, for their 'Analecta',—I was to tell you so, with his sincere respects.

Yours very sincerely

F. von Hügel.

Bishop's answer, of 31 May, is a characteristic specimen of his last epistolary manner—long, spontaneous, discursive, and intimate. (It includes a malicious comment on the biographical methods of Purcell and Ward, whom he calls 'adepts in, followers of, the art of "Miss Bates", in dealing with the authentic materials—the *letters*—that fall into their hands'—see *Emma*, ch. 19.) Bishop had never corresponded with Fr. Tyrrell—read none of his work (between the early articles in the *Month*, and 'Hilaire Bourdon')—and met him only once, when Dom Norbert Birt read the *Genius of the Roman Rite* to the Historical Research Society (8 May, 1899). It was delightful to learn that Fr. Tyrrell had enjoyed Bishop's letters to the Baron, despite their 'recalcitrant' character—'embodying as it were (what is to me detestable) *negativism, refusals*. But, after all, they were letters of one who had learnt the lesson those years 1863–1871 had to teach', whose contemporaries 'had fought the battle with the "anti-laity" spirit, and had *lost* it, and were men enough to recognize, to see, to know, that the battle (for them) *was lost*'.

25 Jan. 1913.

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, W.

My dear Mr Bishop,

Ever since receiving—now a good many months ago—that last letter of yours which—as always in your case—was so full, so overflowing of instruction, suggestion, interest, I have been accumulating [*sic*] materials for a letter, and have been growing in desire to write one,

so as to secure one from yourself.—But my health has circumscribed my powers more than ever since then, and this my strength has been already overtaxed by my immediate literary obligations and my duties of counsel and support to such friends as Semeria (whom I had to visit in Brussels), Scotti (who, previously, came to us at Malvern), Loisy (who, to my joy, is turning again appreciably to the right—i.e. away from the later and latest Hébert and Houtin views and tone), and Miss Petre.—But now I am realising that, already last November I had undertaken to find out for Miss P., whether you would care to possess a copy of the 'George Tyrrell' book—his Autobiography, and her Biography from where he himself broke off onwards. I know that she would deeply value your impressions and judgement on the man, the Autobiography and her own work. And she can easily afford you a copy, whilst it is not, on the other hand, likely that you have ready access to a copy which you could take your own time over. Perhaps, then, you will kindly let me know promptly what you would like done in the matter. I need not communicate a word more of your answer than you expressly invite me to transmit. And certainly any opinion you expressed after the reading would, except at your express contrary invitation, be treated as confidential. Sad things since we last communicated with each other. Yet I for one have to fight on, ignoring that I have been beaten.

Yrs v.s.

F. von Hügel.

Bishop's pencil notes on this letter show traces of irritation. He recalls that he is six years older than the Baron, and so might more justly excuse himself on the score of ill-health and overtaxed strength. 'As though I had not read it already!' is another note. Behind this lay the memory of some weeks of acute distress in November 1912 when he had first read the Autobiography (and biography), and formed the impressions afterwards recorded in successive *strata* of marginal notes. One of these, of 10 February 1913, reads: 'Fr. v. H. is fatal to his friends.' In this mind, he was understandably impatient with 'Fr. v. H.', and the terms of his offer of a copy of the book: 'How funny these folks are!'

He wrote pleasantly enough, however, on 27 January, gratefully accepting a second copy (so that one should remain presentable, for lending, etc.); and offering encouragement in answer to the Baron's melancholy conclusion—'the arm of the Lord is not shortened'. But, as to when the sacrifice of such as Le Camus would bear fruit, 'these eyes of mine will never see the dawn—the days of the approach of that Pastor angelicus . . . the "dark days" must close me in to the end'.

The Baron's answer concludes this series of his letters. It was posted on 31 January.

13, Vicarage Gate,
Kensington, W.
30th Jan. 1913.

My dear Mr Bishop,

I have sent on your very interesting letter (for which many grateful thanks) to Miss Petre to read. She will doubtless promptly send you a presentation-copy of her 'George Tyrrell' volumes. I know well with what deep interest she will be reading what you say about those volumes in this letter to me; and if and when any further reflections occur to you, she will, I am very sure, most gratefully receive them.

But pray allow me promptly to remark shortly upon two points in this letter of yours, which do not concern that book.

I evidently wrote some misleading words in that little card letter of mine, some days ago—and perhaps they were not clearly legible. For I *meant* to say and to imply, not that I was interiorly feeling embittered, or broken, or brought to a standstill etc. by a sense of defeat, or even that I realised, dwelt upon, made sure of etc. defeat; but simply that I continued to feel that such summing up, such a judgement as to the final, hidden upshot of our poor labours was not for me, and that I somehow found myself able to think, work, and publish on and on. That like Englishmen generally I 'refused to know when I was beaten'.—I venture to present you with a copy of my last book,¹ out now some 8 or 9 weeks, which, I think, you will find to be thus, somehow, not broken or bitter. I did not send it at once because I feared you would find it too predominantly philosophical. But I now hope that you may at least like the *Institutional Religion* chapter, or certain things in it, and, perhaps, the last chapter—the Conclusions.—As a matter of fact, I had numbers of our younger clerics before my mind, all the time I was writing—so many of them have lost, for a time, all sense of the necessary *ontology* of all religion.—So far the reception of the book has greatly encouraged me.—

And then pray let me urge you—others must have done so ere now—seriously to consider the *publication* of those 4 vols of your *Opuscula*. I know, as all those who have read any of these 'little' works, how large and rich they are in finely penetrative, delicately appropriate method, in special knowledge, in incentives to research.—

Surely, one of the University Presses would undertake their publication, or we your many friends and admirers, scattered about Europe and America, would be proud to subscribe. Think of it, think of it,—with discreetly autobiographical prefaces to each volume!—

Yours very gratefully, respectfully and

sincerely
F. von Hügel.

I am to be 61 complete in May. A little local functional trouble now often impedes my proper exercise. Yet my general health and power of work continue, upon the whole, matters for much gratitude.

¹ *Eternal Life*.

BOOK REVIEWS

HALF-WAY HOUSES

The Gospel of the Kingdom of God: A Study. By William Kelly Prentice, Ph.D. (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A. \$3.50.)
Essential Christianity. By William E. Wilson. B.D. (George Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

It has sometimes seemed to me that the right title for a book to recommend the Catholic religion to modern western man might be 'Yes'; its method would be to show that the denial of the faith is by ultimate implication the negation of everything else in human experience. But men are rarely thoroughgoing in their negations, and at various points and at different ranges outside the fullness of the faith the Church is met by partial affirmations, offered as alternatives to herself, of which it is sometimes necessary to take account in apologetic writing. In dealing with such a partial affirmation, which is also a partial negation, one may try to show that the truth it contains, if allowed to develop its own implications, will point out and beyond itself to Catholic completeness.

Dr. Prentice seeks in the present study to give us 'the real teaching of Jesus', freed from the misconceptions and accretions which, he thinks, began to overlay it during the lifetime of our Lord himself, or at least from the period between his crucifixion and the proclamation of his resurrection. It must be confessed that the element of negation here seems to outweigh that of affirmation: 163 pages mainly devoted to clearing away the alleged misconceptions and accretions, compared with eighteen pages for 'the Gospel which Jesus preached'. The accounts of Christ's birth 'cannot be definitely disproved' but 'have all the characteristics of popular legends' (p. 23). 'Some of the stories of miracles of Jesus can be rationalized', but this does not prove that they are true 'even essentially' (pp. 34f.), and *Mark* viii, 12, indicates that he did not perform any miracles at all (pp. 36f.). In the resurrection narratives, when compared together, there are 'a good many discrepancies', and 'certain details which arouse distrust' (p. 57). 'If the early Christians were somehow'—but how?—'persuaded, and believed, that Jesus rose from the dead in his natural body, then it is very easy to

understand that in so superstitious and credulous an age these stories were first imagined, and later enlarged in various versions' (p. 69). If at his trial Jesus definitely asserted that he was the Christ, and if this proves that Jesus believed that he was divine, the assertion 'stands alone' among the sayings of Jesus which Dr. Prentice accepts as authentic (p. 95). It is possible that the new idea of the Christian Christ 'was suggested to the disciples by someone'—Dr. Prentice thinks it conceivable that it was James, subsequently the leader of the Jerusalem church—after Jesus' death. If such a suggestion was made and generally accepted by the disciples, 'it is easy to imagine . . . that some persons began immediately to have visions of the risen Christ' (pp. 104f.). 'There seems to be no evidence in our *Gospels* that Jesus founded or intended to found an authoritative Church' (p. 125). 'The eschatological passages in the *Gospels* involve a crass anthropomorphism which is not to be found in other teachings of Jesus' (p. 127). St. Paul was 'very much influenced by . . . Hellenistic mysticism' (p. 145), especially in his contrast between the pneumatic and the psychic (as in *1 Corinthians*, ii, iii). 'The religion which we call Christianity originated among the intimate disciples of Jesus shortly after his death, and while these disciples were still in Galilee. . . . They conceived the idea that the Jesus whom they had known as a man was the Christ . . . that he was really the Son of God . . . and that by his suffering and death he had made atonement for the sins of men' (p. 163). They added to the teaching of Jesus ideas which soon obscured it and made it seem to be of 'less than essential importance' (p. 169). 'The best in Christianity consists of the ideas which Jesus preached. But the doctrines of the Church'—Dr. Prentice does not mean only of the Catholic Church—'by proclaiming atonement through the death of Jesus, the efficacy of sacraments and ritual, and the authority of the Church to free sinners from punishment for their sins, seem to me to palliate greed and hatred, the ruthless exercise of power by individuals and nations, the struggle between the classes of society, and misery, and wars' (p. 177).

It will be seen that Dr. Prentice's position involves a good deal of negation, and it emphasizes very starkly the difficulty that confronts one who denies the resurrection of Christ: it seems impossible to understand how the disciples came to believe in it if the belief was false. He has given us a very forthright exposition of the 'liberal Protestant' views held by Harnack, with embellishments from *Comparative Religion à la Reitzenstein*. It is interesting that, despite these largely outmoded denials, Dr. Prentice cannot escape the fascination of Jesus of Nazareth. The doctrines of the Church, 'which are the essence of Christianity', are false and pernicious; but the teaching of Jesus—that is, such of the recorded teaching as approves itself to Dr. Prentice—is true. Man is to love God and his neighbour; God is the loving father of us all. 'No one before Jesus had laid such emphasis on these ideas' of

love of neighbour and fatherhood of God, 'or had made them the two essential bases of the entire structure of his doctrine' (p. 185). Jesus intended to assert that a genuine love of God and of our fellow men admits of no limitation. 'There can be no doubt that Jesus by his character, his personality, and his words made a very great impression on many who came in contact with him, inspiring veneration and deep personal attachment.' 'He did not say that we should not think of ourselves at all, or that we should not be concerned about our own affairs, and occupation, and conduct.' It will be noticed that by the time Dr. Prentice has finished with the teaching of Jesus it has lost its element of towering paradox and heroic adventure and has become thoroughly acclimatized to a bourgeois environment. It may also be observed that, creditable though Dr. Prentice's attraction for the person of our Lord is, it is hard to see that the valued teaching has any necessary link with the teacher. Many Christian saints have reproduced this teaching with a coherence and eloquence which compare favourably with the gospel of the Kingdom as reconstructed by Dr. Prentice. And on the other hand, if this teaching has survived as an influential force in subsequent history, this is due to the Church which Dr. Prentice regards with so much hostility and disapproval.

As the author of this work had professed Greek Literature and History (or Greek Language and Literature) for forty years at Princeton University, it might be supposed that his findings are of importance to scholarship. But a careful examination will, I think, suggest that they are not the result of unprejudiced criticism; and they are certainly not critically 'up to date'. Traditional Christianity seems to provoke in Dr. Prentice a reaction from some obscure complex which prevents him from seeing anything deeper in many of its classical elements than 'doctrines which, because they were of human origin, were often irrational and led . . . to bitter controversies . . . until the various branches of the Church acquired sufficient authority to settle such controversies . . . by authoritative decrees, however irrational such decrees may seem to be' (p. 19). 'In every one of the miracle-stories in the *Gospels* there is a conspicuous absence of any moral principle' (p. 36). 'It appears that very few understand the teaching of Jesus. The reason seems to be that the minds of most of us are obsessed by belief in the inerrancy of the Bible, in the authority of the Church, and in the necessity of atonement for sin through some sort of sacrifice' (p. 75). With reference to the gift of authority to St. Peter, Dr. Prentice asks: 'Can anyone really suppose that to men who live in a material world of space and time . . . authority has been given to decide what shall take place in a spiritual world beyond space and time? . . . Can any man or group of men . . . bind or loose on earth what shall be bound or loosed in heaven?' (pp. 125f.).

Dr. Prentice sees anthropomorphism in passages where others
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would see symbolism. Except the eschatological passages, 'no other sayings' of Jesus 'suggest that he believed that beings of a supramundane world . . . can appear in time and space, descending . . . in a cloud, with the sound of a trumpet' (p. 127)—Dr. Prentice's own words show the inevitability of metaphor and analogy, as the etymology of *supramundane* may indicate; yet he is not a geo-centric flat-earthite. Again on *Mark* xiv, 25 ('I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, etc.') he comments: 'I do not believe that these words are metaphoric. The idea is anthropomorphic. . . . The conception is too crude to be assigned to Jesus' (p. 129). The conception of the last judgement 'involves the everlasting punishment of the damned, the furnace of unquenchable fire and torments never to end, the judge who seems to be not only implacable but cruel and vindictive'—this is all anthropomorphic and not ('I believe') derived from Jesus (p. 134). Here I think we touch on another constituent of the great anti-Christian complex: Dr. Prentice 'sees red' at the idea of punishment, and especially at the idea of eternal punishment.

It is, of course, dangerously easy to discount a historian's findings by arguing that they have been dictated by his prejudices. But Dr. Prentice almost invites us to do this by the frequency with which his critical conclusions are introduced by the formula 'I think that' or 'I do not believe that'. A certain docility is requisite for the reconstruction of Christian origins.

To some extent the author's radical conclusions are made easier for him by the views he holds on the literary criticism of the New Testament. *Mark* he takes for the earliest of the Gospels, and dates it from about A.D. 70 or later, *Matthew* was written 'perhaps about the year 100', *Luke* is probably a little later than *Matthew*; *John* 'belongs probably to the early part of the second century'. Here the critics have played into Dr. Prentice's hands, though he seems disposed to take the latest possible dates. As regards *John* few critics would feel justified in accepting a date much later than A.D. 100, since the publication by Mr. Roberts of the famous Rylands fragment. But in fact the bases of the critical dating of the Synoptic Gospels are wrong. *Matthew*, not *Mark*, was the earliest Gospel, and its use by St. Paul in *Thessalonians* throws its date back to about A.D. 45 or earlier. And it is far from certain that *Mark* was not written before A.D. 60.

Moreover New Testament criticism has moved on since the days of Harnack and even of Reitzenstein. Schweitzer's picture of a Jesus for whom 'eschatology' was the heart and core of his teaching has come to modify Harnack's ethical Jesus. Bishop Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures have been published, and Hoskyns and Davey's *Riddle of the New Testament*. Dr. Dodd has developed (too exclusively, in my judgement) his idea of a thoroughgoing 'realized eschatology', and Dr. Cullmann (in *Christus und die Zeit*) has come perhaps as near to the truth as any

modern scholar with his thesis of an anticipated eschatology. Hardly any of this seems to have affected Dr. Prentice at all, though the books mentioned are all by non-Catholics. Nor does he show much awareness of the modern critics' conviction that St. Paul's thought is far more rootedly Jewish, not to say Rabbinic, than Reitzenstein realized. His own critical position is roughly that which one would have expected from a contributor to *The Modern Churchman* in about A.D. 1912. Now it is true that the liberal Protestant 'Jesus' cannot be mathematically disproved. But one can say that the progress of scholarship has made it almost indefinitely improbable. The critical reconstruction of origins is leading us beyond Dr. Prentice towards the traditional Christ.

At first sight it might appear that Mr. Wilson's study of *Essential Christianity* is much the same kind of book as Dr. Prentice's. But in fact they are profoundly different. Mr. Wilson is more concerned to affirm than to deny. He is a man with a flaming enthusiasm. He sees that there is a tendency in the modern world to 'push Christianity aside as no longer of use', and he is sure that 'essential Christianity', as distinct from secondary elements and mistaken notions of what Christianity is, is 'the way out from World Chaos' (p. 21). And if it was widely and deeply grasped and accepted, not as an answer to an intellectual problem, but as a total self-committal to God as revealed in Jesus, it would also be the means to the only unity among Christians that, to his mind, absolutely matters; not unity of faith, order or organization, though such unity might also tend to follow, but unity in 'accepting the guidance of the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ and in doing His will, constrained by His love and dependent on His power' (p. 28).

The appeal of Christ, he argues, was not to tradition or authority but to 'human insight', of which the greatest function is to enable men 'to see God in Jesus Christ—the God whom they never see clearly elsewhere'. He proclaimed the Kingdom of God, and in its essential nature this is a grace-enabled loyalty to God, based on the recognition of one's complete dependence on God. This means a 'change of mind' (the 'do penance' of our English version of the Gospels), by which we no longer believe in ourselves but in God (p. 51). Christ's summons was rejected by the leaders of his own people, and he then made the supreme appeal of accepting a shameful death because he would be loyal to his own mission despite this rejection. And the resurrection was God's ratification of his message and was followed by the coming of grace to the disciples at Pentecost and the birth of a new religion, the Christian religion, in which unity was engendered by the love of Christ, of God in Christ, of God whose nature was revealed in the character of Christ; a love which all shared (p. 118).

In short, God the creator gives himself to us in Jesus Christ. The one and only necessary response on our part is to accept that gift by giving ourselves to God. And from this response, which grace enables

us to make, there results a life guided and empowered by God (see pp. 128f.).

There is in all this (in Mr. Wilson's affirmations; for his negations are more questionable) a very remarkable coincidence with the best elements in the tradition of Catholic spirituality. Mr. Wilson writes as follows:

From our side this committal (of self to God) is all. Everything else is God's work through Jesus. In Him God gives Himself to each one. God rules within, by guidance and power, setting the task for each and giving the ability to carry it out. Thus life is communion with God. The distinction between secular and sacred goes. What is wrong must be cut out, and by His power can be cut out. All that is good is His service . . . Viewed as God's gift to us, as His revelation of Himself in Jesus, it is inexhaustible . . . It is both natural and supernatural. Natural, because it is what man was made for and supernatural because only possible as power for it comes from God (pp. 130f.)

Compare this passage with the following sentences culled (from various contexts) from the teaching of an eighteenth-century Jesuit:

A holy soul is simply a soul freely submissive to the divine will with the help of grace. All that follows this pure surrender is God's work. Jesus Christ . . . continues in his saints a life which will never end. (The believing soul), persuaded that it is God who leads it, takes everything as grace. If we lived without interruption the life of faith, we should be in continual intercourse with God. The order of God gives (for the soul who conforms to it) a supernatural and divine worth to everything. All it imposes, all it includes, all the objects to which it extends, become holiness and perfection, for its power has no limits. It divinises all it touches. The unique and infallible impulsion of God's action always directs the simple soul aright, and the soul corresponds in everything very wisely to his interior direction. The soul wills all that occurs, all that happens, all it feels, except sin. God's will is an abyss, of which the present moment is the entrance. Plunge into this abyss, and you will find it always infinitely more than your desires. If all men corresponded with grace . . . they would be satisfied both according to nature and according to grace; for nature and grace are at one in the sighs which the desire for this precious good elicits from the bottom of the heart. A well-disposed heart is a heart where God finds himself.¹

It seems obvious that the Jesuit could endorse all that we have just quoted from Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson all that we have quoted from the Jesuit. Far removed from each other in institutional allegiance,² the

¹ *L'Abandon à la Providence Divine*, by J. P. de Caussade.

² Mr. Wilson 'was for thirty years on the staff of Woodbrooke, the College for Religious, Social and International Studies, established by members of the Society of Friends, in Birmingham' (publishers' note).

two men are at one as to—and, may we not add, in—the soul of religion.

But religion has a body as well as a soul. And here, it must be conceded, there is a difference between them not only of fact but of principle. Mr. Wilson does not deny that tradition has a function to fulfil in religion; he does not, I think, seriously deny that 'institution' has a function. The Society of Friends would hardly exist if its members regarded the traditional, the social, the institutional element as either simply bad or simply worthless. Indeed, Mr. Wilson affirms that religious fellowship is an outcome of obedience to the Inner Light. The precise point at which we disagree is, I think, that he views the Church as simply secondary to the individual soul, while we affirm that, though secondary *secundum quid* (for Church and sacraments are *propter homines*), she has in another respect priority over the individual. We should say that the mission of Christ was to Israel, not only to individual Israelites; that he deliberately worked within the presuppositions of the Old Testament, not condemning but 'fulfilling' them; that on the Cross he was not only the perfect Israelite but the perfect Israel; and that Israel survives in the new Israel, the Church, which is prior to all its members except its divine Head. This society has in respect of its members the authority it received from Christ, which is the authority he held from his heavenly Father. And as the Inner Light is challenged by, and brings us to, Christ, so it is challenged by, and brings us to, the new Israel—to Christ reigning in the world as he reigns in heaven. It is true that circumstances, including the sins of Catholics, hinder or even prevent the full recognition of the new Israel by many a soul faithful to its own God-given Inner Light; and for such, as for all of us, the duty of obedience to the Inner Light is absolute. But in normal circumstances this obedience will lead to obedience to the existing Church, the real tangible society, the supernatural family of God's children.

If we agree that the Father of Jesus Christ, whom he revealed, is the creator of the universe and of human nature, may we not accept the wise observations of the late Abbot Cuthbert Butler, in his study of Auguste Sabatier's *Les Religions d'Autorité et la Religion de l'Esprit*?

Man is not a disembodied spirit: he is made up of soul and body, of spirit and flesh; and the teaching of history appears to be that a religion that appeals only to the spirit and disregards those instincts of human nature which have their root in the material side of man, can be a religion only for a few—so few that they are a negligible quantity: for normal mankind it seems that religion must have two sides corresponding to man's twofold nature—the Religion of the Spirit indeed, without which there is no religion at all; but also an admixture of those elements which Sabatier classes under the term 'authority'.¹

¹ *Hibbert Journal*, 1906. Reprinted in *Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*, Sheed and Ward, 1930; the quotation is from pp. 43f. of the latter publication.

To this we may add the following from von Hügel's *Eternal Life*:

It is now increasingly clear, to all deep, impartial students, that Religion has ever primarily expressed and formed itself in *Cultus*, in social organization, social worship, intercourse between soul and soul and between soul and God; and in Symbols and Sacraments, in contacts between spirit and matter . . . We certainly find the Institutional at work, both as cause and effect (often all the more powerfully because everywhere assumed rather than anywhere formally expressed), in the great Israelitish and Jewish Prophets; in our Lord and the Apostles, especially St. Paul; in Origen, Augustine, Aquinas; but also in Luther and Calvin; especially again in St. Teresa, in Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon; and in Laud, Lancelot Andrews, and William Law (pp. 325f.)

The crucial words in this passage, so far as concerns our present discussion, are 'formed itself' and 'both as *cause* and effect'. If it is true that 'the Institutional' has a causal operation in true religion, and if, on the other hand, the Inner Light can only recognize divine authority, it will follow that the normal home of 'essential Christianity' is an Institution authorized by, and representing, Christ.

B. C. BUTLER

STARTING SOMETHING

The Nun. By Margaret Trouncer. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

Man Born to Live. By Ellen Hart. (Gollancz. 22s. 6d.)

The Nun was not written for fastidious people. It is (as the picture and blurb on its dust-jacket foretell) 'twopence-coloured'. The ascertainable facts of St. Margaret Mary's life appear in it, but entangled in a web of fictional reconstructions—celestial, terrestrial and infernal. Curiously little is revealed of the contemporary background: for instance, the atmosphere of family life at Verosvres is allowed to appear as if something unique, whereas it was hardly even abnormal by the standards of the time and *milieu*. An impression of slovenliness is made by such slips as 'psaltery' for psalter; 'seraphim' for seraph; 'nones'; and an apparent confusion between the meanings and genders of the words *coq* and *coque*. Again, if it were necessary to show that the Saint was not an hysteric, the medical arguments would look better in quotation from medical authorities, than (as here) attributed to ecclesiastics.

The Prior of Ampleforth, in a Foreword, links the revelations of Paray with the 'malignant disease, Jansenism' which 'in the sphere of devotional practice' in France 'seemed to be getting the upper hand'. For those whose office and *charisma* extend to the interpretation of the ways of Providence, this version of the fulfilment of a certain communication made to St. Gertrude has its own interest and value: certain

fleeting allusions in *The Nun* to Thomas Goodwin (President of Magdalen, 1650-60), Pascal's *Mémorial*, and the English pilgrimage of 1873, indicate some of the considerations, belonging to what has been called *l'histoire naturelle du sentiment religieux*, which require attention before the historical judgements implicit in Dom Cary-Elwes's suggestion are formulated.

The microbe of Jansenism—to continue the use of his metaphor—flourished in an appropriate culture, chief ingredients of which were, variously, the growth in purchasing-power and self-consciousness of certain important professional corporations belonging to the French *bourgeoisie* (especially doctors and lawyers); the development of bureaucratic rule in France; the reaction of the secular clergy in parts of France to certain aspects of the Counter-Reformation; and the initial triumph, in some French intellectual circles, of the new 'critical' methods of scholarship. These phenomena may or may not be agreeable in themselves; even collectively they will hardly be called sinister, let alone malignant. Students who, from Nicole's time to that of Augustin Gazier, have professed failure to isolate the 'microbe' of Jansenism (*l'hérésie imaginaire*), generally tend to regard the 'culture' as an excellent thing in itself, pointing to the high ethical, intellectual and even political worth of some of its products. They attribute the current use of the term 'jansenist' principally to the malevolence of Jesuits, who are supposed to have been impelled at various times and in various measure by unpatriotic ultramontanism, excessive corporate ambition, etc. One of the opprobrious epithets used of the Society and its disciples in this context (but certainly not before the eighteenth century) is *cordicoles*, heartworshippers.

The *sentiment religieux* associated with Jansenism, and with the culture in which it grew, was marked by ethicism, penitentialism, liturgical antiquarianism—this is a broad general view, deliberately excluding aberrant special cases such as Mother Agnes and Pascal, and, of course, the *convulsionnaires*. But it was not on this account that the French Jesuits, among others, combatted Jansenism in the seventeenth century.

The *sentiment religieux* associated with the apotheoses of St. Margaret Mary and B. Claude de la Colombière, S.J., and with the building of the basilica of the *Voeu National*, was marked by affective mysticism, reparation, liturgical innovation. Important ingredients in its 'culture' in France were: an increasingly bitter class struggle between the (predominantly believing) well-to-do and the (mainly irreligious) masses; violent resistance by representatives of the *ancien régime* against democratic encroachments; a proliferation of new and revived religious congregations; and the temporary prevalence among the Catholic intelligentsia of the 'traditionalist' or 'legendary' (not to say obscurantist) school. Whatever we may think of these phenomena, they were

enthusiastically welcomed by such foreign circles as those represented in the great English pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial in 1873; it is hard to dissociate the *sentiment religieux* which inspired the pilgrims, from the social, ecclesiastical and other elements of its historical background.

What is the link between this modern devotion and the old heresy of Jansenism? The Society of Jesus, some would say; but the evidence is so slight that it hardly merits investigation. Others suggest—and here we rejoin the Prior of Ampleforth—that the nineteenth-century devotion must be taken as one and the same with the revelations of St. Margaret Mary. This view disregards (at least) the difference between the rare sublimities of mystical experience and the daily spiritual exercises of the more or less earth-bound masses of the faithful. But the facts are that the devotion in question was, in the seventeenth century, personal (and not exclusively Catholic), or at most local (as a result of Eudist missions): and did not become universal or popular until long after the *sentiment religieux* associated with Jansenism had lost all the vitality it ever had.

Jean Henri Dunant, the *Man Born to Live*, belonged chronologically to the latter of these two epochs. By birth and upbringing a Genevan man of business, he was caught up in the Protestant renaissance which kept pace with the Romantic revival of Catholicism. He was a person of unstable character, and his operations in business, if never actually scandalous by ordinary commercial standards, were as peculiar as they were unsuccessful. In the pursuit of them, he found himself on the battlefield of Solferino, being then thirty-one years of age. Unpredictably, and surely to his own surprise, he at once took practical and effective measures for dealing with the casualties, assuming quite naturally a degree of executive command far beyond anything that appeared to be within his capacity at any other time of his life. This inspiration carried him for five years: through the writing of his masterpiece, *Un Souvenir de Solférino*, and the bewildering torrents of social and public activity that culminated in the success of the first Geneva conference of 1864. Thereafter he was borne on the surface of events (including the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune), and on his own reputation (which brought him in contact with every kind of crank—teetotallers, Zionists, pacifists, British Israelites, anti-slavers): but after his bankruptcy in 1867, he was out of his depth; in the later seventies and eighties his life consisted of practically uncharted wanderings about Western Europe, in a state of poverty not far removed from destitution. His biographer, Miss Hart, indicates the quality of this *misère*: 'He had, at times, to share a bench with his homeless brethren but he never came near to feeling any kinship with them.' In 1887, he was befriended by a doctor and a schoolmaster at Heiden, and for a time played an Uncle Joseph role—from which he lapsed, about 1890, into a crisis of persecution-mania. The last fifteen years of

his life, from 1895, were somewhat alleviated by the sort of public recognition which is commonly posthumous.

The biography under notice is entirely admirable—thorough, sensitive, serious, readable: consciously definitive. The Preface by H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and the Introduction, by M. Ruegger, leave room between the lines for reflexion on the developments which, between 1864 and 1949, have changed the import of 'Geneva': 'Paray' itself suffered no more radical transformation between the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries.

Weapons of mass destruction are the most obvious of these developments. The Marxist delegations at the Conference of 1949 tried to get them morally condemned, but without success. To the extent that they have obliterated all practical distinction between combatants and non-combatants among potential *victimes de la guerre*, these weapons have pushed the primary activity of 'the Red Cross' back into comparative unimportance. Secondly, the new concepts of 'total war' and a 'health service' have combined to take away all validity from the old notion of *neutralité* as applied to military medical corps: the British delegates in 1949 fought strenuously, but in vain, against the doctrinaires for recognition of this fact. The maintenance of health and morale among the whole of the belligerent's people, whether in uniform or not; 'passive defence'; and camp discipline among prisoners of war: these are the aims and policies which compassionate humanity dictates in modern war. Dunant is literally a figure of romance.

LAICUS

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

Political Tracts, 1713-1719. The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, Vol. VIII. Edited by Herbert Davis and Irvin Ehrenpreis. (Blackwell. 21s.)

THE personality of Swift must always present something of an enigma. While it is universally admitted that in the intellectual genius and literary art displayed in his actual writings he has no superior and few equals, when we turn to the man whose mind conceived these masterpieces of bitter irony we at once plunge into a maelstrom of wild vituperation worse than that surrounding Gibbon. The stricture gratuitously interpolated by Robert Louis Stevenson into his description of the mephitic conditions of the westward-bound American immigrant trains is a good example: 'Without fresh air, you only require a bad heart and a remarkable command of the Queen's English to become such another as Dean Swift: a kind of leering, human goat, leaping and wagging your scut on mountains of offence.' It is true that when he penned these words Stevenson was a sick man, but in any assessment of

Swift's character it should be remembered that he too was a sick man; far more sick than Stevenson. We can never know to what extent his malady affected his outlook on life or how he fought against it until the clouds of madness finally closed in on his mind in his last terrible years.

Swift, born in 1667, was educated at Kilkenny Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin, and ordained in the Church of Ireland in 1694. He acquired a plurality of benefices but most of his time was an absentee, acting as the Archbishop of Dublin's agent in London. Although nominally a Whig in politics he had a strong dislike of their anti-clericalism, and in 1710 he joined the new Tory party of Harley and St. John, receiving as a reward for his inestimable services to their Government the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin. He had, with every reason, expected an English bishopric, but in spite of Harley's fervid protestations, Queen Anne, who could show real Stuart obstinacy on occasion, refused to grant this on account of her pious horror of his *Tale of a Tub*. So when on the fall of the Ministry Swift had to retire to Ireland to escape impeachment in the Whig proscription, it was in an understandably disgruntled frame of mind. It was during his last thirty years in Ireland, a country which he hated, that he produced his most biting satire on humanity, and there he died in 1745 after years of bodily and mental suffering.

This book contains nine of his political pamphlets, written between 1713 and 1719. They include *The Importance of the Guardian Considered* in which he crosses swords with Steele regarding his (Steele's) threatening the Queen on the subject of the delay in the demolition of the Dunkirk fortifications, and several others castigating the Whigs, of which *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs* is a masterly example of political pamphleteering. The longest is the *Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry*, written to justify the Duke of Ormonde and the Duke of Oxford on their impeachment by the triumphant Whigs after the accession of George I, but which was not printed until twenty years after Swift's death. Consisting of memoirs of the time when he was a power in the Harley-St. John party, Swift completed the first part in 1715. Two years elapsed before he finished the draft of the second and, owing to repeated corrections and emendations of phrasing to avoid all vagueness and possibility of misunderstanding, the whole was not satisfactorily completed until 1721, by which time Swift was already engaged in writing *Gulliver*.

In the first part, which he intended to publish in 1715, although warned that the rancour of the Whigs had been roused against him and that some were already baying for his blood, Swift unequivocally affirms his friendship with the ministers accused of High Treason and proceeds to a reasoned defence of their actions and an exposure of the machinations of their enemies. From it we obtain a glimpse of a side of Swift far too little in general evidence; his gratitude and loyalty in times

of danger to those who had befriended him in their day of power—a virtue none too common in any age.

J. C. MARSH-EDWARDS

A REFORMING ARCHBISHOP

Archbishop Pecham. By Decima L. Douie. (Clarendon Press. 42s.)

JOHN PECHAM, born about 1230, and a native of Kent or Sussex, was probably educated at the grammar school attached to Lewes Priory. When a boy he went to the university of Paris. There he went through the ordinary course of studies, interrupted sometime in the 1250s when he became a Franciscan. The Franciscans sent him to Oxford for his novitiate, whence he was transferred back to Paris as lector in theology. There he lived in community with St. Bonaventura and Roger Bacon. There also he lived in the thick of the violent controversies that arose over the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas and took part in a celebrated disputation as St. Thomas' opponent. In 1272 he returned to Oxford and became English provincial of his Order and then lector at the Papal university in Rome. In 1279 a reforming Pope brushed aside Edward I's nomination to the see of Canterbury and himself nominated Pecham. His stormy archiepiscopate lasted until his death in 1292.

Hitherto Pecham has lacked a biographer. Historians of mediaeval administrative history had studied his conflicts with Edward I. Historians of scholasticism had become increasingly interested in his theological works and the definite stand he took against Thomism all his life. Even the late R. A. L. Smith had suggested that Pecham had an important place in mediaeval economic history, as the real author of important innovations in the financial organization of English monasteries. Miss Douie—as is the austere and sober way of modern mediaevalists—claims only to 'deal with certain aspects of his career'. It is true that she does not attempt to assess Pecham's importance as a theologian, beyond summarizing recent work on this point. But she concentrates on a side of his career which had hitherto been neglected—his archiepiscopal administration. Moreover she suggests that his life is best seen on the background of two enduring features in it—the Franciscan tradition to which he gave himself when a young don at Paris, and the whole pastoral tradition of the mediaeval episcopate. Thus his violent reaction against Thomism—or rather Thomism as he understood it—was not merely the outcome of a mixture of the natural conservatism of a theological vested interest with the inveterate rivalry of the two great Orders of friars and his own intransigent and irascible temperament. These were certainly conditions which cannot be discounted, but behind them lay a view of life largely common to the Franciscan tradition as crystallized out by St. Bonaventura and the Reforming

episcopal tradition inherited ultimately from the Gregorian Reform, which saw the given Christian dispensation as the archetype of the whole creation. With some justice, Pecham must have seen Thomism as an effort to turn the Divine order upside down and to erect over against the order of God a theology which was anthropocentric.

Nor was his administrative policy as archbishop merely a struggle to maintain intact the inherited rights and vested interests of a wealthy and powerful corporation in an incurably litigious age. Here again, both the Franciscan and episcopal reform traditions combined to lead him to see the steady effort of the English Crown to set up a relatively independent secular power looking more to Roman imperial tradition than to ecclesiastical or feudal ideas of Royal power, as an effort to turn upside down a Divine order.

Finally his efforts to reform the economic organization of English monasteries and convents were not merely utilitarian devices to meet the ruin and economic dislocation caused to institutions with fixed incomes in a time of inflation. Miss Douie suggests that here also behind his efforts lay the enduring design of the Reform to disentangle religious life from the world, powerfully reinforced by the Franciscan tradition. He simply wished to rescue religious communities from too much absorption in economic cares. For that matter, as she stresses, his actual reforms were by no means original.

It is a pity that Miss Douie does not tarry to discuss at greater length the nature of these two traditions, and to put Pecham's career more explicitly in its place in the whole wider development of mediaeval thought and institutions.

But the great mass of detail that she gives of the archbishop's administration of the Province of Canterbury succeeds admirably in conveying to us the realities and relativities of thirteenth-century life, which, in the end, defeated or blanketed almost all of Pecham's efforts at reform. Even the ordinary reader, who has not the background knowledge of mediaeval administration which Miss Douie takes for granted, could hardly fail to get from these sections of her book a most powerful impression of the extremely tough and recalcitrant human material which the mediaeval Church fought unwearyingly to mould to the influence of grace and the Christian law. But was the scene quite so black as Miss Douie implies? Dom David Knowles' cautious final judgement on the state of religious houses in 1300—and, indeed on society at large—is that it was

a society untroubled by regrets and undisturbed by reforms, a society not so much in decay as in a state of equilibrium. (*Religious Orders*, p. 319.)

Miss Douie herself—very briefly—suggests considerations which, to some degree, offset the unmitigated gloom of the comperta of Pecham's

visitations. We could wish, again, that she had paused to enlarge on these factors—admittedly all of them part of the larger background to Pecham's life, and, indeed, to all mediaeval life: the immense gaps in the records, the very police-court nature of many of them, the unrecorded influence of the steady course of regular life in the host of religious and secular churches, the steady flow of devotional literature, of pious bequests, the religious art and buildings.

H. AVELING, O.S.B.

AN EQUIVOCAL BISHOP

Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester, 1583–1656. By Geoffrey Soden. (S.P.C.K. 42s.)

BISHOP GOODMAN has hitherto only been generally known as the Caroline Anglican bishop who, though a High Churchman, resisted Laud, who was supposed to have kept a Catholic priest in his episcopal palace and to have been reconciled to the Church. Mr. Soden now gives a long and very detailed study of his life, based on a wealth of new evidence.

He shows that Goodman was bred in Wales—which was much more slowly and less efficiently de-Catholicized than England. (It is odd that although Mr. Soden knows and quotes in another connexion Fr. Augustine Baker's autobiography, he does not use it to reinforce his argument on this point.) On the other hand, Goodman belonged to the class of well-to-do Welsh middle class people, who conformed to Anglicanism and enjoyed many ecclesiastical offices. His ascent to high office was steady and assured and he had valuable Court connexions. Yet, in spite of this, something went wrong. When Laud and the 'Durham House clique' came to power in Charles I's reign, Goodman crossed both the Archbishop and the King. He opposed to Laud's ecclesiastical policy an attitude of passive resistance, and repeatedly asked for permission to retire from his diocese and visit the Continent. The crowning indiscretion came in 1640, when he refused to swear to the new Canons without making private reservations. For this he was suspended by Laud, though the outbreak of the Civil War prevented further proceedings against him. He died in London during the Commonwealth, commonly reputed to be a secret Catholic, but making no unambiguous profession of his faith whatever.

In the development of his religious opinions, Welsh crypto-recusancy may well have played a part. He had a cousin who was a mission priest. But all Mr. Soden's researches have produced nothing tangible to make this more than a reasonable surmise. It is certain that he knew numbers of priests, but the exact nature of his dealings with them remains obscure. Mr. Soden feels here the lack of any work in print on

Sancta Clara and Fr. Leander of St. Martin. He surely misunderstands the attitude of Sancta Clara to Anglican orders. His book on the 39 Articles only argues that the form given by the Prayer Book Ordinal might be sufficient. He speaks tentatively only and does not discuss intention, nor the actualities of the Elizabethan Anglican Church. His 'Summa Veteris Theologiae' treats of the question at more length¹, and expressly states what he meant to say in the earlier work on the Articles. He meant that, considered in the abstract, the form would suffice, and the sheer physical fact of succession is undeniable. So, '*si nihil aliud obstat*' (his own italics), Anglican ordinations would be valid in form and matter. Then, in his 'Conclusio' to the problem, he says that in fact he holds 'eorum scilicet Ordinationes, ex mente tum veteris cum hodiernae Ecclesiae universalis ipso iure invalidas esse'. The main reason, he says, is that the first generations of Anglicans departed from the mind of the Church about the nature of the priesthood, and sealed their disagreement by the nature of the changes they made in the Ordinal. Thus they did not intend to do what the Church does. He admits that he knew contemporary Anglicans who held more Catholic views but that now a change of intention is too late. Anyway, he says, even the most Catholic minded of them ('*ii qui inter eos moderatores videntur*') fall short of the Church's beliefs about the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Real Presence. This accords surely with the evidence adduced by Dugmore in his book on Anglican Eucharistic belief from Hooker to Waterland.

Was Goodman, in fact, ever received into the Church, and, if so, when? Mr. Soden does not finally decide, but makes it clear that he is inclined to think that he never was. If we can disregard the statement by Hamilton that he was received by the priest William Hamner in 1635-6 as mere hearsay, we are left only with Anthony Wood's story that Sancta Clara told him that he had received him 'some years' before his death, and with the curious wording of his will. We find it hard to follow Mr. Soden in dismissing Sancta Clara as untrustworthy. On the other hand, if he had been received, Goodman took care to betray it by no outward sign. But surely there are other examples of secret conversions at that time—and what lies behind Cardinal Barberini's answer to Goodman's request for a Catholic priest to live with him, that he would allow it, provided that Goodman 'intended to be reconciled to the Church at least in foro conscientiae'?

While we may well sympathize with Mr. Soden's approval of the belief of Goodman and Thorndike that Laud was putting the cart before the horse in placing the unification of the Church of England before reunion with the Holy See in his programme, we should question his assessment of Goodman as a thinker. Mr. Soden reads too much into the words of Goodman's theological treatises, and makes

¹ *Opera Omnia* . . . Francisci a S. Clara . . . Douai. 1667. ii. 68 ff.

little or no effort to compare him with contemporary Anglican theologians. Nor can we share his belief that Goodman's character emerges clearly from the evidence as an attractive one.

Nevertheless none of these considerations—nor even the frequent lapses into the baroque English of his hero—detract from the interest of the book. Now, when so much new historical work on the seventeenth century is written from a Positivistic standpoint, it is refreshing to find a worthy modern successor to the nineteenth century High Anglican historians of the golden age of the Church of England, who feels himself to stand in the same prophetic tradition facing the world the Reformation and Renaissance have produced.

H. AVELING, O.S.B.

FATHER COPLESTON'S HISTORY: VOLUME II

A History of Philosophy: Vol. II. By Frederick Copleston, S.J. (Burns Oates. 25s.)

THIS book, the long awaited second volume, has been out since 1950; and who, interested in philosophy, did not read much of it on its first appearance? It did not disappoint, and a return to it for the purpose of review only reinforces the original judgement that here is an extremely able presentation of other men's teaching, objective, clear, smooth, almost gay. The style of the book has a most unusual freshness in spite of the abstruseness of its subject matter. This could only have been achieved because the author was master of his subject.

The second volume begins with Christian Apologists of the early centuries, as a kind of *hors d'oeuvre* to the first main dish, St. Augustine. This full summary of St. Augustine's philosophical thought gives us a striking insight into the greatness of that saint's achievement, battling as he was towards a synthesis, in a Christian world untrained in philosophical thinking, with no system of its own, with a doctrine of revelation, it is true, but no systematic formulation. He himself never formulated a system but, by perceiving and discussing the great themes, he disclosed the main lines of the answers that most Christians would give ever after. Fr. Copleston's method, giving copious references at the foot of the page and then at the end of the book a full bibliography, has everything to commend it.

It is inevitable that St. Augustine and St. Thomas between them have nearly 200 pages; it is also right, for these are the giants. The account of St. Thomas will prove useful to countless students, not least for the references at the bottom of the page as already mentioned. But perhaps the student will be even more grateful to the author for his painstaking energy in providing the English student with a careful statement of the lesser known, early and late, mediaeval philosophers,

not least Scotus Erigena, William of Auvergne, Alexander of Hales, Henry of Ghent, and the rest; and for taking St. Bonaventure as seriously as he deserves. The difficult Scotus also receives full treatment, but still we await the definitive edition.

One of the most interesting byways that Fr. Copleston has explored with the help of the continental scholars, is the thought of the Arabic and the Jewish philosophers. The former of course are of capital importance not only for the work of St. Thomas but also for the very trend of thinking, as these Islamic thinkers forced their Christian contemporaries to answer certain questions, on universals and the like.

In the matter of translations of the works of Aristotle Fr. Copleston shows that most of his works had already been translated from the Greek before the great school of Toledo got to work on the Arabic versions, and that even much of the *Metaphysics* was already in the hands of St. Albert and so of St. Thomas, in a version translated from the Greek, before the translation from the Arabic was in use. This is also true of the *de Anima* which he points out was translated from the Greek before 1215. One of the reasons why the Arabic translations of Aristotle were so unsound was that they were in many cases translated first from the Greek into Syriac and, then only, from Syriac into Arabic. This added to the confusion. But even more confusing was not knowing when Avicenna was speaking his own mind and when he was retailing Aristotle. It was of course the bringing order out of chaos which was St. Thomas's abiding achievement, and that order a true order, which has stood the test of time and of attacks.

There is no comparable history of philosophy in the English language for its completeness, for its thoroughness, in a word its scholarship. All will await its completion with great interest. No library of any standing should be without it.

COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B.

FATHER COPLESTON'S HISTORY: VOLUME III

A History of Philosophy: Vol. III. By Frederick Copleston, S.J. (Burns Oates. 30s.)

AFTER an intensive study of both primary and secondary sources Fr. Copleston has produced the third volume of his *History of Philosophy*. It gives one what one hopes to find, but does not always find, in a History of Philosophy, a brief account of who the philosophers were and when they lived and what they wrote (with dates of publication), and a fuller account of what they taught, carefully documented in the more important cases and with appropriate quotations. The sub-title *Ockham to Suarez* is highly significant. It does not merely define the period: it tells us also which were the most important philosophers if we judge their

importance by the influence which they had upon subsequent philosophic thought. Out of twenty-four chapters six are allotted to Ockham and two to Suarez. No one else gets even a chapter to himself except Marsilius of Padua, Nicholas of Cusa, and Francis Bacon. It may be that the popularity which Ockham enjoys amongst philosophers of our own day in part accounts for this; but, as one reads, one comes to realize that the reason may well lie deeper. It is in Ockham that criticism of Thomist philosophy made from the standpoint of Nominalism culminates. It is in the writings of Suarez that we first find a systematic and well thought-out reply.

The centuries covered by this volume, the fourteenth, fifteenth, and the earlier part of the sixteenth, form a period of transition between the great thinkers of the thirteenth century and Descartes, with whom modern philosophy is commonly said to have begun. In the last chapter Fr. Copleston reviews what he has written in his first three volumes, and the reader would be well advised to start with this chapter (rather than with the Introduction, which is Germanic in style and less easy to follow) and to read it again at the end. The third volume is divided into three parts—The Fourteenth Century, the Philosophy of the Renaissance, Scholasticism and the Renaissance. The second part includes an interesting chapter entitled 'The Scientific Movement of the Renaissance'. It deals in considerable detail with the Copernican revolution and the grounds on which exception was taken to it, notably in the case of Galileo, by contemporary theologians, whose views were to be modified by those who came afterwards. But, though mention is made of the discovery of sun-spots, of mountains in the moon, of the phases of Venus and Jupiter's satellites, Fr. Copleston does not suggest that this may in part account for the reluctance of theologians to discard Aristotle's theory of the heavens, whereas the late Professor A. N. Whitehead held it to be the main cause, since it meant that heavenly bodies could no longer be regarded as eternal and changeless substances forming a class apart, but were as corruptible as things on this earth. There is also a mistake on p. 284. Kepler's third law does not state that 'the square of the time taken by any planet to complete its orbit is proportional to the cube of its distance from the sun', for this distance varies since the orbits are ellipses. What Kepler said was that the square of the periodic time varies as the cube of the semi-major axis of the ellipse. In the second law also there is a misprint: 'radius sector' should be 'radius vector'.

High praise is given to Francis Bacon in the next chapter, not because he was a great philosopher, but because he laid such stress on the need for painstaking observations and experiment, and foresaw clearly to what an immense advance in our knowledge of Nature the use of this method might lead. Yet Bacon, after all, is but recommending the method which Aristotle recommends and himself used in his

study of animals and plants; for he, too, held that it is only by studying the behaviour of things that we can hope to discern their nature or to determine what Scholastics call their 'substantial forms'. An account of how Bacon's predecessors and contemporaries tackled the problems set by Nature has already been given in chapters 16 and 17 under the heading 'Philosophy of Nature'. Many of them had been trained in an Aristotelian school of thought; but with an interest in empirical problems, says Fr. Copleston, they often combined 'an interest in alchemy, in astrology, and in magic', and 'in their study of Nature they were inclined to take attractive short-cuts, whether by bold and often bizarre philosophical speculations or by means of occultism or by both'. Bacon's contempt for such methods is not unmerited, nor is the author's esteem for Bacon surprising, coming, as it does, from one trained in the true Aristotelian tradition.

The main interest of Scholastics during the period under review was unquestionably theology and metaphysics. Hence Ockham, who in his endeavour to safeguard the omnipotence and freedom of God undermines metaphysics, and Suarez who seeks to re-establish metaphysics on a sound basis. The revolution in Christian thought produced by the rediscovery of Aristotle was no less profound and in its ramifications no less far reaching than was the revolution in scientific thought produced by the revival of the Heliocentric theory of Aristarchus. To adopt the Aristotelian dictum that there is nothing in the human mind save what has passed through the senses and been purified by abstraction, is to deny that we have by nature an awareness of the presence of God, a tenet which is basic alike to the philosophy of Augustine and to that of Bonaventure. It is also to deny that we have awareness of that realm of eternal ideas in which Plato believed and which Augustine held to be essential if we are to form true judgements about the nature of things or about moral values. Hence the need of proving that the existence of God is implied by the existence of perceptible objects, and of proving further that in God there are eternal ideas which function as the exemplary causes of what He creates, if indeed we are still to hold this, as St. Augustine and St. Thomas did.

In between the time of St. Thomas and that of Scotus considerable development had taken place in the field of logic. Peter of Spain had laid great emphasis on the intimate way in which language is bound up with human thinking. A distinction had been drawn between the significance of words and the denotation which they acquire when we use them (*'supposit'* them) in statements about particular things or things in general. It is with the significance of words that logic is concerned, and one of its primary functions is to inquire as to the conditions under which two statements will both be significant, as they must be if we can truly assert 'if this, then that'. Ockham made a careful study of this new logic and held it to be identical with that of Aristotle. But it does not

affect the main issue, as Fr. Copleston points out. For Ockham agrees here with St. Thomas: if we are to use words significantly, we must know to what objects they are applicable. This implies that we must form concepts of the objects which words signify. We must understand what words mean, and so must form of them what Abelard called an *intellectus*. Ockham, says Fr. Copleston, 'was a Franciscan and a theologian, he should not be treated as though he were a modern radical empiricist'.

None the less, in philosophy Ockham comes very near to the position adopted by modern radical empiricists. The objects of perceptual experience are all of them individuals, distinct and differing each from the other. But, if only individuals exist, says Ockham, all we can do in the first instance is to apprehend individuals and compare them one with the other. Hence concepts of *first intention*, as they were called, concepts formed by taking a 'first look', i.e. a look at perceptible objects. It is the comparison of objects one with the other that enables us to form such concepts. But having formed concepts we can take a 'second look', i.e. a look at the concepts we have formed, and thus form concepts of *second intention*, such as *genera* and *species*. We can then determine the relation of concept to concept and so construct theories and formulate laws. This is what the metaphysician does. But he is wrong, Ockham claims, in thinking that his theories are true of the real world, for all along he is dealing but with concepts, which are the products of his own mental operations. Hence he cannot in this way prove the existence of God or discern the plan in accordance with which God has created the universe. The most that can be said of his theories is that they are either consistent or inconsistent. It cannot be proved that they are true, nor yet that they are false.

On the other hand, a metaphysical theory or a physical theory can be verified to a certain extent by appeal to perceptual experience. We are justified, for instance, in asserting that an antecedent is the *cause* of a given consequent, provided experience shows that whenever the antecedent is present the consequent follows, and *also* that when it is not present the consequent never follows. But, owing to the limitations of human experience, the most that we can establish by this means is that a theory is probably true or that it is more likely to be true than some other theory. Thus both divine omnipotence and divine freedom are safeguarded, for we cannot prove that in the divine mind there are any laws which he is constrained by his very nature to observe, since we cannot prove that in the divine mind there exist any ideas of the type which we construct and use in the formulating of laws. God, therefore, is absolutely omnipotent and at the same time absolutely free. He can create what he pleases and in any order he pleases, and can impose upon them laws as he pleases, and, if he pleases, can exempt them from observing these laws.

Having reflected upon all this and upon subsequent developments and alternative theories Suarez asks himself what has gone wrong. Ockham asserts that only individuals exist, and, in consequence, denies that there exist real relations. For, if relations also exist, they must be distinct from the terms which they relate, in which case 'God could produce the relation of paternity and confer it on someone who had never generated'. It would also follow that 'at the movement of my finger the whole universe, that is, heaven and earth, would at once be filled with accidents', for, when I move my finger its position is changed in regard to all parts of the universe (*op.*, pp. 68-70). But what about similarity? asks Suarez. Concepts, according to Ockham, are based on the observed similarity between object and object. How can we observe similarity, if similarity does not exist? It is not by some mysterious activity of the human mind that we produce similarity: we discover it. But what we discover when we observe two things, A and B, both of which are white, is not two whitenesses *plus the* relation of similarity: it is just two white things. Hence the relation of similarity is not really or even formally distinct from the terms which it relates, argues Suarez, though it belongs to a different category. If, however, of the two white things, A and B, one ceases to be white, then the other ceases to be similar to it. But if the relation of similarity is real, yet not distinct from its terms, how can it cease to be unless *both* terms cease to be what they were before? If A remains white, it should retain its relation of similarity, since this is intrinsic to it, whether or not B remains white.

This problem can be solved if we admit with Plato, Augustine, and Bonaventure, and A. N. Whitehead, the existence of eternal ideas of which we can have awareness, and with which we can compare perceptible objects, for the relation of a perceptible object to its exemplar remains so long as it remains, whether or not perceptible objects which are similar to it remain or are destroyed. Suarez, moreover, in his theory of transcendental relations comes very near to this solution. Transcendental relations neither destroy the unity of that to which they belong nor do they add anything to it. They are not only intrinsic to it and essential to it, but are identical with it. Hence they cannot disappear while their subject remains in being. Of these transcendental relations the most important from the standpoint of the theologian is that of *dependence*. Dependence upon another pertains to the very essence of a contingent being and is implied by its existence as a contingent being. The argument from motion, first devised by Aristotle and adopted by St. Thomas, is discarded by Suarez, because he agrees with Professor Whitacre that the dictum *Nihil movetur nisi ab alio movetur* is neither self-evident nor can it be proved. But the argument from contingency remains and is sound.

Suarez seems to me to have grasped the basic defect in Ockham's reasoning and in his theory of transcendental relations to have found

the correct answer. Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, of Corpus, used to say, if you are examining a theory of truth, always look carefully to what it has to say about error. I would in like manner recommend you, if you are studying the theory of a fourteenth-century nominalist, always to scrutinize carefully what he has to say about relations, and you will soon discover where he has gone astray. To assert that the universe consists of individuals and to deny that between these individuals there exist real relations is to talk nonsense.

LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J.

FRENCH CHRONICLE

TODAY the meaning of history is undoubtedly a subject of major interest to many, and it is one on which Father Daniélou, treating it theologically, has some most rewarding things to say in his recently published book, which has attracted much attention, *Essai sur le Mystère de l'Histoire*. One of its leading ideas is *hospitality*. This may be seen as a factor tending to compensate for the human displacements which are the disgrace of the present age. But it is more than this; it has a wide range of application, in time and space, which we should be increasingly conscious of. Commenting on this book in the September *Ecclesia*, M. Luc Baresta draws attention to the fact that this idea of hospitality 'assumes ever larger proportions, until it merges at last into the very essence of the divine plan. Every Christian should remember that this plan must reach completion at that last dazzling moment, when time, and with it all things transient, ends in the total victory of the Word, when the Kingdom of God puts off its bruised and battered body and takes on the splendour of its glorified body. In the light of this, the culmination of all history, civilizations, even Christian civilizations, look humble enough as they pass. Not that we should deny their ephemeral charm. But their peculiar vocation is that of self-effacement, for their destiny is none other than to be extinguished by the civilization that transcends all history, that of the New Jerusalem. It is in this profound sense that they are rightly called mortal. But they need not anticipate their demise; they must live out their days. Not having been eliminated by the first coming of the Word, they enjoy a reprieve while waiting for the second. It is part of their vocation to accept this reprieve, and to accept it with a clear understanding of what is to come.'

Following a parallel line of thought, M. Michel Carrouges, in *La Vie Intellectuelle* (August-September), writes on the aberrations of what he calls 'the unbounded expansion of the modern imagination'. 'The powers we expect to find available in the immediate or remoter future have a strong family likeness to fairy-tale powers: television, telepathy,

goods in infinite abundance, absolute freedom, eternal youth, perfect happiness.' It is true that 'our time', as Berdyaev remarked, 'is a time for realizing utopias', and in this respect we still have plenty of surprises to come. But what calls for protest is the 'lay hallowing of the future'. God is robbed of all His attributes in order to endow man with 'a principle of innocence and omnipotence, inherent in himself'. Some dreams can be realized; others remain dreams. Some are desirable, others pernicious. But 'what is wholly unacceptable', M. Carrouges concludes, 'is the hallowing of them, which is nothing less than giving them unconditional authority, an absolute value for the salvation of mankind'.

M. Maurice Blanchot, in the August number of *La Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Française*, seems himself distinctly to accept a complete withdrawal of art from God, or the gods; yet he is far from disguising the dangers that ensue. Though, according to him, the alliance of the work of art with the gods 'is disastrous for the gods', because it is the 'presence' of their 'absence', 'and in this absence it tends to make itself present . . . it is no less dangerous for man, who having stripped the sacred of all its prestige and sublimity must needs retain the sublime at his own level, asserting his own sublimity in virtue of technical mastery and success, of the happy and rational accomplishment of his work'. 'It soon turns out,' M. Blanchot goes on, 'that the work of art is not mastered by mastery, that failure is as much a part of it as success, that it is not something to be achieved by taking pains, and that the pains put into it are not respected, even when it required pains, but completely misrepresented. Man speaks through a work of art, but what it is, in man, that the work gives utterance to, is that which does not speak, the unnameable, the inhuman, that which is without truth or justice or law; in it, man fails to recognize himself, has no feeling of being justified; in it, he is no longer "present", is not a man in either his own eyes or God's, nor in his own eyes a god.'

Reflexions such as these, deriving from the all too current assertion that 'God is dead', might well be disturbing if the succession of witness to God were in any doubt. To confine ourselves to France alone, this succession is clearly guaranteed by a number of young writers, though we still await the advent of lay 'prophets' of the calibre of Bernanos. Writing of his posthumous book—one of his most significant—*La Liberté pour quoi faire?* in the same review (July), M. Marcel Arland pays the author one of the finest tributes ever offered him. He salutes him as a man, truly worthy of the name, 'who never sought to make use of God professionally' (namely by exploiting his function as a Catholic writer), a lover of poverty, which he 'chose and honoured'. 'It was touching to hear him, in the evening of his days, reviewing all those years of service, a service that was never servitude. There was no boasting, no mock modesty; he was a man who weighed his life, not blind to its limitations, not suspecting its inspiration. Those sonorous

words he loved might sometimes be time-worn, but he drew from a heart, innocent of avarice or guile, the perfect right to use them, and the gift of using them with freshness.'

There is growing evidence of a tendency to require literature to sacrifice all artistic ideals and adopt as its first aim the widest diffusion among the masses. 'What does a publisher look for in an ideal reviewer?' asks M. Pierre Javet in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* (15 September). 'Why,' he answers, 'that without renouncing his likes and dislikes he will aim at imparting information and not simply bestowing praise and blame; that he will cease, now and then, to regard literature as an art and see it rather as a social fact; that he will condescend not to regard success as an insult, nor yet as another proof, if that were necessary, of the indifferent taste of the masses, but as a phenomenon that requires some causal explanation. The success of books like *Jalna*, *Gone with the Wind* and *Gens de Mogador*¹ is proof enough surely that the cult of the "home", when so many people have lost their own, is one that touches the crowd very closely.' All the same, it is obvious that the history of the book-trade is not to be confused with the history of literature. The two hardly coincide. It is rarely enough that what is of value also sells. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the public generally is indifferent to artistic quality and values. Some writers have given faultless form to stories intended for a wide circle of readers. There are plenty of examples of this in every country.

Hochwalder's *Sur la Terre comme au Ciel* has had a resounding success on the Paris stage. This play, in which a religious superior is presented with the alternative of either disobeying a higher authority or ruining a work of apostolic importance, has led Father Holstein, in the September *Etudes*, to examine the idea of Christian obedience. For some, such obedience means total sacrifice. For others it can be justified only by what the common good requires. The editor of the Jesuit review is not wholly satisfied with either of these conceptions. Religious obedience, in his opinion, 'does not aim at results that are humanly appreciable; its goal is one that faith alone can recognize, the redemption of the world. This is not mere destruction, nor is it a worldly undertaking. It is a divine mystery: obedience lets us into it, as it were, keeps us up to it. There must be no diminishing of the transcendence of this mystery.' And Father Holstein ends by seeing obedience as the interior death of the carnal man, with and in Christ, as the renouncing of 'the pseudo-life of disobedience' for the sake of positive achievement in a life which is that of 'obedient children of the Father'.

Ozanam's centenary, celebrated both at the Sorbonne and at Notre Dame, has been the occasion for several periodicals to call attention to that great humanist's intellectual accomplishments as well as to his various social activities, of which one, and only one, was his starting

¹ The recent novel by Mme Elisabeth Barbier.

the Conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul. It was high time a serious effort was made to remind our age of something it has forgotten, how much it owes to Ozanam as thinker, artist and writer. He is remembered as a good man, but not enough is said of him as a lover and servant of the Beautiful. Father Baron, in *L'Actualité Religieuse dans le Monde* (15 September), provides an opportune reminder that the secret of Ozanam's intellectual activity lies in the fact that at one period of his life he approached 'the threshold of doubt'. Thereafter his ambition was 'to reveal "as a beacon of deliverance" that faith which had nearly foundered'. When as a young man he first embarked on his career, France seemed to have already witnessed the expulsion of God. Rationalists still admitted that Christianity had accomplished wonders in the past, but looking about them they could no longer see any signs of its activity. Ozanam's stroke of genius was to combine an intellectual re-orientation towards Christianity with a new development of charity, conceived by him as something more than the relief of the poor by almsgiving, namely an attempt to transform institutions.

In different circumstances the same problems confront us today. The apostolic experiments attempted in the last few years bear witness to the existence of a fervent generosity worthy of the earliest ages of Christianity. In the course of a conference to the priests of his diocese, the Archbishop of Toulouse, Cardinal Saliège, took the opportunity thus offered to examine these experiments from a doctrinal point of view; a summary of his remarks appears in the same number of the review just quoted. He was replying to those laymen, and a number of priests and religious as well, who hold that the liberation of the proletariat should precede any attempt to evangelize it. 'The supernatural,' observes the distinguished prelate, 'is not something outside and apart from the natural. . . . Religion is not a superstructure. . . . However legitimate may be the priest's desire to make contact with every social class, and particularly with the lay masses now lost to the Church, he must never forget that the priestly life can never have the same character as a layman's. In the life of a priest, even a worker priest, the work of redemption must come first. . . . [His] "absurd" and "foolish" mission is not to be a labour leader, but something more difficult and far more paradoxical: it is the mission entrusted to him by the Church, to teach the working class, with whose hardships he so deeply sympathizes, that justice can never be achieved except by love.' And the Cardinal issues a warning against novel and extravagant positions claiming a Gospel warrant; one might think, he suggests, that there was a desire 'to encourage within Catholicism a movement favourable to the acceptance of communism'. In view of the 'advanced' opinions which have been maintained in the past by the Archbishop of Toulouse, this reminder of principles is of considerable importance.

LOUIS CHAIGNE

GERMAN CHRONICLE

THE number and diversity of the reviews which have begun to appear or to re-appear in Western Germany in the past year or two is a remarkable witness—in a quantitative sense, at all events—to the revival of German intellectual activity and curiosity. It would perhaps hardly be fair (and it would certainly be unjust to draw any immediate conclusions from such a generalization) to say that the non-Catholic reviews show a much greater concern with and receptivity to outside influences. From a considerable number of reviews, both Catholic and non-Catholic, read in the past quarter some examples will later on be taken to illustrate the point. But even a casual survey of the leading Catholic reviews received will show that local German interests, national and ecclesiastical, predominated.

The September number of the *Herder-Korrespondenz: Orbis Catholicus* contained an interesting survey of pre-election controversy and opinion, in which, after giving the election-manifesto of the Central Committee of German Catholics (respect for the Divine commandments, human rights, individual responsibility, re-unification of Germany, just order in Europe, return of all refugees and prisoners, freedom of the Church and recognition of her rights in the sphere of education), it then shows by numerous quotations that for many non-Catholics the cry of 'political Catholicism' is having some effect. The suggestion was made, in quarters not violently anti-Catholic, that the Church found some advantage in the continued division of Germany, since, in the absence of such a predominantly Protestant body of electors, it would be possible to secure the religious school and the abolition of civil marriage. There was, of course, no suggestion that this allegation was justified, but there was enough material to show that it represented an unmistakable trend in German party-politics.

One of the articles summarized by *Herder-Korrespondenz*, 'On anti-clericalism within the Church', by Gotthard Montesi, seems to deserve more detailed notice. The writer, writing as a Catholic in a Catholic review (*Wort und Wahrheit*, September), proposes to demonstrate that, with perfectly loyal and believing Catholics, a certain sense of frustration can be produced by a clergy which, by mere clerical authority, intrudes into 'lay' functions, demands respect and obedience on no superior grounds of competence, in political and sociological questions, or in social organizations. The writer does not deny that the priest may often be appointed to positions of authority in such bodies, but he insists that it must be on the grounds of unquestioned technical or intellectual ability, and will therefore be the exception rather than the rule. While, therefore, conceding the unique spiritual reality of the priestly office, he pleads for a lessening of the—in Germany, presumably—

exaggerated antithesis between 'lay' and 'clerical', and for a recognition of the spiritual value of the individual 'layman'.

In such articles another general election, that in Italy, was no doubt in mind, either explicitly or implicitly. In the *Herder-Korrespondenz* quoted above, emphasis was laid on the impossibility of finding any real analogy between the party of Dr. Adenauer and Signor Gasperi, and in the June number of *Wort und Wahrheit* Gunnar Kumlien had an amusing but thought-provoking article on the famous Don Camillo, who is represented as assailed by doubts whether his success as an electioneering priest had after all been quite such a success for the true mission of the Church to the souls of men, and again whether, with the constantly falling number of vocations, the time might not be approaching—as in the early Christian centuries—for the laity to assume some of the tasks of the priesthood. At the end poor Don Camillo is shown as not quite sure whether these whispers come from the Devil or from his own conscience, but the intention of the writer of the article seems pretty plain.

Before leaving these political articles we should single out from the September number of *Wort und Wahrheit* an article by Robert Spaemann on the late Charles Maurras and his *Action française*, which is declared to have withdrawn into its traditional anti-German and anti-European doctrine. On this by no means—according to the writer—extinct echo from a painful past, two books are cited, Henri Massis' *Maurras et son temps*, and Maurras' own posthumously published *Le bienheureux Pie X, sauveur de la France*. In the first Massis makes an attempt to equate Maurras with Péguy and Bernanos; the latter is an attack on Pope Pius XI for his condemnation of the *Action française*, in which that Pontiff is compared most unfavourably (and, the writer asserts, unjustifiably in respect of this controversy) with Pius X. More *actuel* is the article in *Die Gegenwart* for 4 July, 'The Church and the Workers', by Max von Brück, which (against certain French Catholic 'Right' circles) warmly defends the preoccupation of the French episcopate with the social question. So true does it seem that 'circumstances alter cases'.

Of articles on current questions which were not directly concerned with politics there may be singled out the lecture on the 'Problem of the Film', delivered by Romano Guardini at Munich and printed in *Hochland* for June. This is an analysis of the significance of the cinema from the sociological and aesthetic points of view, with no reference to religion or ethics. The writer is mainly concerned to demonstrate the essential difference between the film and the stage-play: not very much new in this, and no mention of the competition of television. This last subject has, however, begun to raise problems in Germany, as is shown by articles in the June and August number of the *Herder-Korrespondenz* on the televising of the Mass. This took place for the first time in

Cologne last March, and the transmission was prefaced by a televised transmission of the Holy Father speaking. The event occasioned a great deal of divided comment among German Catholics. It had been laid down that the televising of Holy Mass was allowable, but that as a rule it should take place on the great feasts of the Church. Some commentators praised the decision, and its technical achievement, which appears in this instance to have been of notable impressiveness and dignity, but others urged the dangers of a 'cheapening' of the Mass, and there was general agreement that attendance at a televised Mass was invalid, as the *physica praesentia* was absent. Subsequent comment revealed a considerable amount of doubt about the utility, from the Church's standpoint, of such televising, except under the strictest conditions, and in the most exceptional circumstances.

A literary essay of unusual interest was Wilhelm Hausenstein's in *Hochland* for August, on Goethe, in which attention was particularly directed to Goethe's *Novelle*, a short story of 1826 which, the writer concludes, shows a departure by the poet from his non-Christian humanist standpoint; he reminds us that, two years before, Goethe had translated the *Veni Creator Spiritus* and had *à propos* of this commented to Eckermann, 'I should like with Lorenzo dei Medici to say that those who have no hope of another world are dead for this.'

In *Universitas*, a monthly review which, as its name implies, consists of articles mainly by university professors, on subjects ranging from cosmic physics to oceanography, from Korean culture to the statistics of killed in the Second World War, there is (July) an article by Albert Schweitzer on 'The Idea of God and our present age'. This is a brief and sincere statement by the well-known writer of his conviction that it is the duty of Christians to believe in the miracle of the overcoming of the world by the Divine Kingdom and the postulate that this can only begin in the heart of each individual. This and the celebrated writer's whole personality and thought are subjected to a critical, though charitable, examination by Werner Picht in the August *Wort und Wahrheit*, in which the 'mystic rationalist's' belief in the authority of Christ is questioned, and an attempt is made to show that Protestant rationalism has in Schweitzer's writings, with particular reference to the Historic Jesus, reached its logical end. This is not to deny the value of Schweitzer's protest against the domination of mass-suggestion, his struggle to assert the moral and spiritual significance of the individual. But there is a gentle refutation of the claims of Schweitzer's most fervent disciples that here is the safe and inspiring guide for our troubled age, a new St. Francis—a kind of veneration which, however justified by the selflessness of the man, is incomplete and in any case, the critic declares, foreign to Schweitzer himself.

A glance at the chief non-Catholic reviews will show the truth of the generalization on which we ventured at the beginning of this sur-

vey. *Deutsche Rundschau* had a very critical article on Senator McCarthy, concluding, however, with the warning that absurd as some of McCarthy's attacks on his opponents must seem to ordinary West European opinion, he must be reckoned with as commanding powerful support among those who wish to combine their anti-Sovietism with domestic politics.

Merkur, described as 'a German Review for European Thought', had in July an article by Ortega y Gasset on thinking, also a highly critical examination of Léon Bloy, by Albrecht Fabri. *Der Monat* ('an International Review') for July printed a translation of two essays by Mr. Michael Polanyi and Professor A. V. Hill under the common descriptive title of 'Science and Freedom'; it also gave a very informative review of the contemporary Italian theatre, with praise of the representative of Catholic drama, Diego Fabbri. *Diogenes*, 'an international review of Philosophy and Science', in its first number, printed a notable article by Karl Jaspers on 'Freedom and Authority', an essay by Gilbert Murray on the lessons of history, and a survey by C. M. Bowra on European Poetry from 1900 to 1950. The review is controlled by the Paris International Council of Philosophy and the Human Sciences, and supported by Unesco. It looks worth closer attention than can be given here. *Antares* is also a review of recent foundation. Its third number, published last February, contained numerous articles on French thought and literature and culture generally. It is published under the auspices of the Franco-German Committee for Cultural Exchange, of Mainz, and it is interesting to note that a forthcoming number will contain an article by Georges Duhamel on Pasteur's correspondence. Finally the *Neue Rundschau*, of the famous publishing firm of S. Fischer, which was one of the victims of Nazism, is now appearing again, in Frankfurt, and shows its well-known cosmopolitanism by printing, in its first number for 1953, an article by Christopher Fry on theatre-criticism, and an essay by Professor Conant, formerly of Harvard, and now American High Commissioner in Western Germany, on the new picture of the universe presented by modern science. It is mainly a criticism of recent writings of Professors P. Bridgman (*Philosophical Implications of Physics*) and Herbert Dingle (*The Scientific Outlook in 1851 and 1951*).

A. RANDALL

AUSTRIAN CHRONICLE

IN the ideology of the Austrian people there have always been, and still are, two main factors: the Catholic Church and Socialism.

The notion of antagonism between a religious body and a political party is not easily grasped by those who are not themselves Austrians.

In the Anglo-Saxon countries especially, people readily tend to assume that in the field of politics the Church is neutral, while in that of religion the Parliamentary parties are officially disinterested, so that, while there may be a certain overlapping of their outward spheres, there can be no intrinsic opposition. In Austria, however, the state of affairs is quite different. There, from the hour of its birth at the historic Party Congress at Hainberg in 1889, right up to the tragic events of 12 February 1934, Social Democracy was really the opponent of the Catholic Church.

In order to understand this, we must cast a glance at the history of the Austrian Church. In the eighteenth century, the classical period of Austrian history, the spiritual and cultural heritage of Catholicism exercised a profoundly formative influence. True, the Church was never a State Church in Austria, as it became, for instance, in England. For it is of the essence of Catholicism that it does not admit of complete subordination to the State. Nevertheless, the links between the Church and the State with its Sovereign at its head, were strong indeed.

It must be remembered that the Emperor Joseph II, following the theory of a certain 'Febronius', had made a serious attempt, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, to make the Church in Austria into a State-established body. It is true that, during the next century, the politico-ecclesiastical system known as Josephism was considerably modified. But in certain important respects it survived. In Hungary the Emperor Franz Joseph I (1848-1916) still bore the title of 'Apostolic King'. He had a considerable say in the nomination of the bishops, and the parish clergy were appointed by the secular local authorities. Thus it came about that the connexion between Church and State was close; and this, as a matter of principle, was not always acceptable to Catholics.

It was, however, only human nature for the individual citizen, even when a Catholic, not to delve too deeply into matters of principle but rather to assume that the terms 'Catholic' and 'Austrian' were very nearly synonymous.

In Austria, at the beginning of the twentieth century, anyone who attacked the existing régime or its economic system immediately placed himself in opposition to the Church. The Pan-German fanatic, whose aim was to overthrow the Sovereign State of Austria and to unite all German-speaking countries to the German Empire, preached conversion to Protestantism. In the first phase of the conflict the Social Democrats demanded the repudiation of any religious creed whatsoever. In those days it was the fashion in the leading circles of the Socialists to eschew marriage in church and to withdraw the children from religious instruction.

There was another influence in Austria which subsequently had tragic developments. Of the Social Democratic leaders a number of the

upper class and a large percentage of the middle class were Jews. Men with no affinity to the Catholics who constituted the bulk of the nation took upon themselves to educate the mass of the working-classes on lines which alienated them from the Church. But they achieved an unlooked-for result: they kindled in the Austrian people the flame of anti-Semitism which, later, Adolf Hitler fanned into a devouring conflagration.

Today when, even in Austria, it is unthinkable that a politician should wear the garb of an ecclesiastic, historic justice demands that we should recognize that many eminent statesmen were drawn from the Catholic Church. To name only the most important—we cannot conceive of the Christian Socialist movement without the two bishops, Dr. Scheicher and Dr. Schöpfer, without Johann Hauser or those two natives of Vorarlberg, Dr. Drexler and Deacon Fink. Above all, the greatest statesman of the Austrian Republic, Dr. Ignaz Seipel, was a Professor of Theology and at one point had to decide whether he would accept the Archbishopric of Salzburg or devote himself to politics. In general we may say that Austria's ecclesiastical statesmen were a strong bulwark of public life; today, when the Church has withdrawn from politics, there are many places in which their absence is keenly felt.

Our retrospect, however, shows us a time when the Church could count on the support of a strong, ruling party, but at a price: an attack on the party constituted an attack on the Church.

In those days, now long past, Social Democracy in Austria was a great deal more than a political movement. It was not simply a political organization, to which most of the Trade Unions belonged; it proceeded to found all manner of associations for social intercourse and sport. Did a worker want to go to a gymnasium or a swimming-bath, to travel or climb, to hunt or fish, to play chess or skittles, to learn English or French? All he had to do was to join one of the numerous Clubs sponsored by the Socialist Party. For the school-children there were the *Kinderfreunde*; those interested in the promotion of cremation could belong to the *Flamme*. Hitherto the working-class had stood on the outskirts of society, excluded, to a great extent, from the pleasures of life. Now, a huge apparatus for their recreation and profit displayed itself before them. One fact, however, must not be overlooked: the result of all this was not the amalgamation of the workers with the other strata of society. On the contrary, they became completely dissociated from the rest. If, in the early days of capitalism, the workers were confined in a ghetto, they now voluntarily cut themselves off from their fellow-citizens.

Beginning with the twofold aim of relieving distress and of attaching to the Party those whom they helped, Social Democrats developed a system which was manifestly a substitute for the pastoral care of the Church. Centres were established to which people could go for advice

on the upbringing of children, the choice of a career, on questions of marriage, health and so forth. Doubtless there were many who received sound practical suggestions, but they themselves were weaned from the traditional Christian standpoint and introduced into a community which was welded together by what was tantamount to a creed.

At the end of the Second World War, the prospects of the Catholic Church in Austria were brighter than at any time within the memory of the two generations immediately preceding. Not only had the distress of war turned men's thoughts to religion, but the Church had stood as the refuge of all the oppressed, irrespective of their opinions, and as the only body capable of putting up open resistance to the National-Socialist régime, yet without subsequently demanding reprisals. Moreover the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities after the war was scrupulously moderate. They refrained from insisting on rights recognized before 1938, e.g. in the matter of the stipends of the clergy and of remuneration for religious instruction. State-registration, as instituted by National Socialism, remains in force. (Marriage in church must legally be preceded by civil marriage before the Registrar.)

So much for the politico-legal aspect. What of the position of the Church in the hearts of individuals?

Statistics show that 90 per cent of the population are professing Catholics, yet only 20 per cent accept the full teaching of the Church. (The acid test is the Church's marriage-law.) There are wide regional differences, but no clear line of demarcation can be drawn between town and country, East and West. Possibly the discrepancy between the numbers of professing and practising Catholics has its root in the Austrian's typical dislike to committing himself and his predilection for compromise.

On the political side, the Socialist Party in Austria, like the Church, found itself confronted at the end of the war with a totally new situation and obliged to define its position afresh. The fact that it roundly repudiated Communism and the occupying Power which was sheltering the Communists is a feather in the Socialist cap. It was not merely a matter of tactics. Austrian Social Democrats have given up waiting for an economic revolution in the future and are bent on getting what they can out of the present phase in the world's history. Hence they aim at realizing, as far as possible, the policy of the Trade Unions and of nationalization, while rejecting root and branch the system of the Eastern States.

A halt has been called in the cultural conflict which raged before 1934. Catholic Congresses are attended by the Federal President, the Burgomaster of Vienna and the Socialist Ministers. Are we to infer that the Party has become Catholic? Or rather, that it can afford this gesture because the workers in Vienna and the great industrial areas have become so far inoculated against religion that the Church can

scarcely be regarded any longer as a menace to the stability of the Party? Indoctrination, already carried to the third generation, has borne its fruits. The Austrian Social Democratic worker has become a distinct type: an upright citizen and a decent member of society. But his mental attitude now derives only in a very small degree from the Catholic tradition. It is far more the product of Party teaching, that is to say: of unadulterated secularism. In his most intimate concerns as a human being, such as questions of marriage and the family, the upbringing of his children and so forth, the average Socialist is guided by a completely worldly moral code, which he has learnt from the Party. In the long run this counts for more than the legal relations between Church and State. It is true that certain Socialist journals deal with religious questions, while some Catholic publications like the *Furche* preserve an objective attitude towards Socialism. But these are academic discussions, indulged in by Party leaders and by ecclesiastics distinguished for their learning, and they do not go much below the surface.

Austrian Social Democracy has become a Left Wing middle-class Party, after the model of the Radical Party in France. The Catholic Church has withdrawn from the political arena and confines its work to the purely spiritual sphere. Thus ends the conflict of nearly half a century. Austrians have rejected almost unanimously the notion of a political party in open opposition to the Church, while, on the other hand, it is improbable that there will be any further attempt at party-organization on a distinctively Catholic basis. The upshot is that in matters of party-politics and religion Austria now approximates fairly closely to the practice of the Anglo-Saxon countries.

HANS HUEBNER



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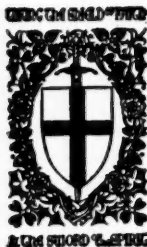
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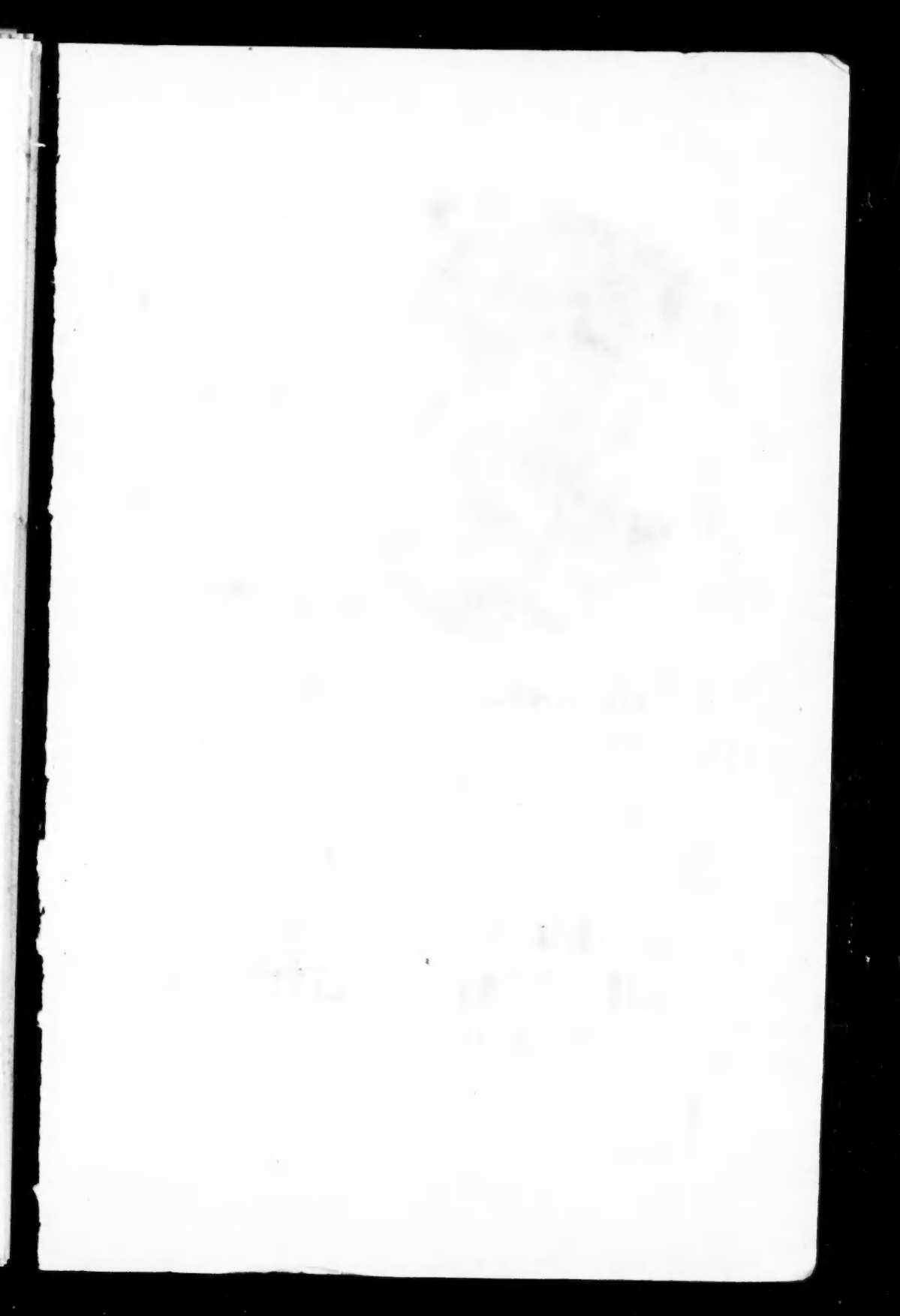
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